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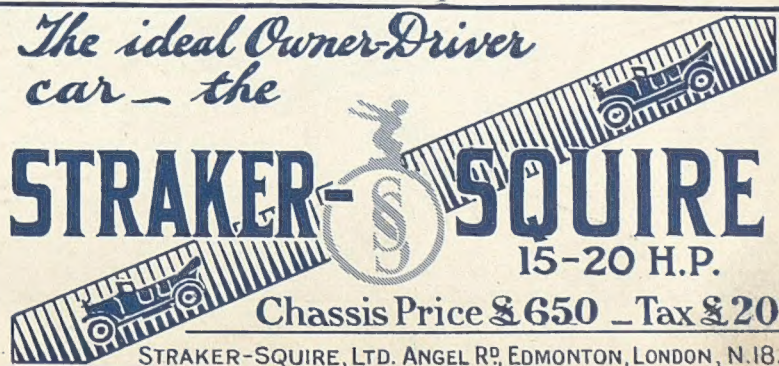
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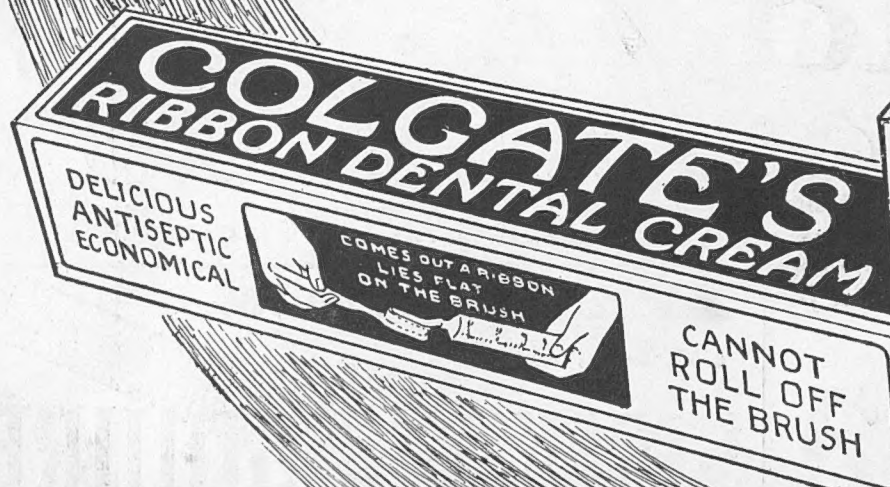
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**CLEANS
TEETH
THE
RIGHT
WAY**

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The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

The Rally of the Americans. There was something about the Fourth of July in London that gave Jane furiously to think.

If a messenger from Mars had arrived on a Cook's tour in time to see the crowds of Americans thronging into Lansdowne House to shake their Ambassador by the hand on the anniversary of America's Declaration of

each other. (Except the ones who now belong to England.) Jane must not cause a war—but Jane *was* disappointed that most of the ladies did not look in the least like Lady Ribblesdale. There was not a "Gibson Girl" profile in the whole of Lansdowne House. But Jane found a delightful American sailor who laughed at her for expecting the average American tripper to be any more "chic" than the average British tripper. After all, most Americans in London to-day are gone to-morrow. They do not come to show their clothes. They come to see Stratford-on-Avon, and the land of Scott, and Warwick Castle, and Battle Abbey and Windsor and the old River Thames. Probably they return to Ohio and Tennessee and California to blossom out in clothes made classical by the well-known English names printed on their silk linings.

It seems romantic that the names of London stores where we all shop will conjure up visions and start tender reminiscences in the far backwoods "down East," or in Arizona, or maybe in the prim old new Boston where fashions are, after all, fashions, whether a woman wears blue stockings or very transparent and up-to-date black. It all makes me look on London—dear, dirty London—with new vision. Here are we taking our precious town for granted. Most of us would not know exactly where to find the Tower. Even Jane (who worships Shakespeare) has never seen Anne Hathaway's cottage. But there was not a small boy at Lansdowne House (and there were many) who would not carry back with him to his native state a vivid and accurate picture of every historical corner of this old land of his beloved George Washington—to say nothing of picture postcards.

And, although this is not a political article, Jane *does* think the Fourth of July in London is, somehow, the greatest possible proof of the plausibility of a League of Nations. What with Americans coming here to find their ancestors, and future British peers all having to go back to America to look for their maternal ones, almost (except for the Atlantic in between) we are already as united as Scotland and England (and infinitely more so than Ireland and England!)

Some of the Company.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough were there, and Lady Powis. Lady Lister-Kaye was signing her name in her Ambassador's book. So were Lady Campden and Lady Newborough—Grace Lady Newborough, who arrived with Mrs. James Martin. Lord and Lady Huntley I saw, and Lady Bective. Priscilla Lady Annesley was looking for her American friends. So were Mr. Donough O'Brien and Lady Garvagh, whose big yellow hat made her easy to find. The sun was most inhospitable, so the gardens were closed, but there was a wonderful mauve-and-white marquee where tea and ices were served, and where some jolly American sailors played patriotic things all afternoon. Of course, the entire Diplomatic Corps was there, and Mr. John Monck to marshal them, and me in my best mood to observe—only the worst of it all is that you have to be so terribly careful which Ambassadors you mention first that it is safest for the peace of Europe to mention none.

Lady Zia Wernher.

Lady Zia Wernher's musical party the same evening was a brilliant success. If one were asked to name a really great

favourite with young and old of both sexes, I don't think a single human voice would disagree with Jane in asserting that the Grand Duke Michael's elder daughter is second to none in London. It isn't only that she is a good hostess—lots of women are that; it isn't only that you are certain to find all your friends, and that the music will be good: but Lady Zia has all the qualities that attract without arousing that too common emotion in the female breast—jealousy. Somehow one feels that she is gold through and through. Perhaps the joy of her Russian warmth makes you forget the shiver the last *parvenu* Peeress sent down your spine as she icily lent you two fingers while she speculated with all-seeing eyes as to whether your last year's Paris model—or was it of the year before last?—had not already done duty on the back of your rich aunt. Alas! London is full of people like that—people who seem to paralyse your *nice*ness by expecting you to be a worm. They look at you for one second, and for the next hour you slink away half-wondering if you have committed a crime. . . . Then you meet Lady Zia Wernher—or someone like her—and the atmosphere of the world is sunshine again. Even if you are *still* the poor relation of your rich aunt!

It all makes one realise how many *parvenus* there are about. The really great



1. Angela and the others have all entered for the "Eve" short-story competition. Angela is writing a simple idyll of life in the country, all about cows and roses and things.

Independence—independence of Britain, be it remembered—if the mystified being had likewise been told that Lansdowne House was really the home of one of our most aristocratic peers, but was now (temporarily) let to the American proprietor of a great retail emporium; if the American soldier had then hustled him on into the hall where another soldier waited to hurry him into the inner sanctuary where Mr. and Mrs. Harvey and Mr. and Mrs. Taft conscientiously shook every American citizen warmly by the hand in memory of Mr. George Washington—the messenger from Mars would probably have a more picturesque vocabulary, but its translation into our own terrestrial vernacular would be something like: "Well, I'm jiggered!"

The extraordinary thing is that there they all were in our midst, speaking our own language, looking so like, yet so unlike. They were not foreigners. They were not provincials. They were not a bit like the Americans we have grown to look on as London's last word in Paris modes. They wore little American flags in big double-breasted coats, and a large proportion wore spectacles. None of them appeared to know



2. Aunt Babsie's story deals with modern Bohemia, and she means it to appear very gay indeed; so she is writing it entirely in that well-known haunt of life and fun—the Mutton Skin Club. Unhappily, Aunt Babsie—like some other people—finds the club excessively depressing, and the story, though a very fine performance, appears rather Russianesque.

ladies are so rare, and conspicuously rare. But it isn't only royal blood that gave Lady Zia her smile. I suspect people love her because she first loved them. No wonder so many stayed late at Someries House on Tuesday night, although there was a ball at



3. Kitten is writing a wonderful story about Passion in the Jungle. She has created a passionate jungle atmosphere for herself by hanging three purple lamps from the ceiling and hiring a snake from Harrods.

Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam's beautiful house in Grosvenor Square.

Lady Fitzwilliam's Ball. It was in honour of Lady Joan and Lady Donatia Fitzwilliam. The third daughter of the house is one of the season's débutantes, and wore her presentation gown at the ball—a beautiful cream satin with pearl trimming. Her sister was in white-and-silver brocade with a sheen of iridescent pink showing through; and Lady Fitzwilliam wore a beautiful oyster-grey gown that made a perfect background to her sapphires and diamonds. Lady Carlton, the eldest daughter of the house, was in shimmering white and green, and helped her mother and younger sisters to do hostess to the six hundred or more guests who danced till the wee sma' hours in the big ball-room and adjoining drawing-room.

There was a delightful mass of pink carnations in the two other drawing-rooms where we sat out. I heard they had come up from Wentworth Woodhouse that morning, which started one of my partners discussing the possibility of gardening for "axed" officers.

In fact, my whole evening seemed to be spent with officers who were expecting the "axe." The extraordinary part was that they all appeared to Jane just the kind of men the Army most wanted to-day.

There is nothing like the old-time British officer to make you hold up your head and laugh with him at the ironies of fate. I was actually told that one about-to-be-axed but light-hearted warrior has had an axe made of cardboard cut out and hung over his head at the War Office—just to remind him of the

Sword of Damocles which threatens him and so many others!

Everyone enjoyed the Fitzwilliam ball; and everyone went down to Wimbledon in the pouring wet next day, though our optimism was not rewarded, and we all drove home again with colds in our noses, not one whit the richer in our experience of the illusive game of lawn-tennis. It was pathetic to see the patient faces round the Centre Court waiting for the rain to stop.

Wimbledon. Lady Milford Haven was in the Royal Box. Jane also saw Lady Ancaster, wearing a red hat, and Lord and Lady Wavertree, with their dear little adopted daughter (Rosemary Hall Walker), and Colonel Cyril Hankey, who is always so interested in this game of games; and all the well-known players themselves chanting dismal jeremiads; and Commander Hillyard, in spite of his good looks, quite depressed-looking, after about ten days of nothing but showers and wet grass and grey skies. And this was to have been the most illustrious Wimbledon of all time for that most indefatigable of club secretaries!

Other Parties. Other parties of the week were Mrs. "Alby" Cator's small dance for Miss Atherley at 57, Lowndes Square, on Monday. Mrs. Hugh Drummond had her second small dance on the same night, and Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Denis Daly gave a joint one in Berkeley Square.

All this while Lady Rocksavage was receiving at the Hyde Park Hotel for the Victory Corps Ball, and the Duchess of Westminster at Grosvenor House—the party already mentioned by Jane last week.

Then, on Tuesday, Lady Hotham gave her small dance; Mrs. Guy St. Aubyn gave a dance for her daughter, Miss Barbara St. Aubyn; and Mrs. Egerton Leigh gave quite a big one at the Grafton Galleries.

On Wednesday, Mrs. Glasgow asked a large number of young people to dance in her beautiful new ball-room at Moncorvo House, Ennismore Gardens. This dance was for her daughter as well as for her daughter's great friend, Lady Jean Douglas Hamilton.

On Thursday, besides the big ball at Dudley House, there was Lady Cayzer's at 28, Prince's Gate, and Mr. Harington Mann's in Eaton Square.

On Friday, Mrs. Gretton's in Belgrave Square; Lady Bath at 29, Grosvenor Square, and for Jane, a really delightful little theatre party with one of the "axed," who was in a "don't care a tuppenny d—" mood, and would have spent his last fiver on a really *recherche* little supper if a jolly old general of the old school had not carried him and Jane both off to the Embassy Club.

Then, last night—or, rather, on Monday—dancing enthusiasts went to Mrs. Peacock's, in Bruton Street, or to the ball at Claridge's to help the Invalid Children's Aid Association—indeed a great and worthy cause; but Jane is afraid that charity balls in the middle of the season are not always very wise.

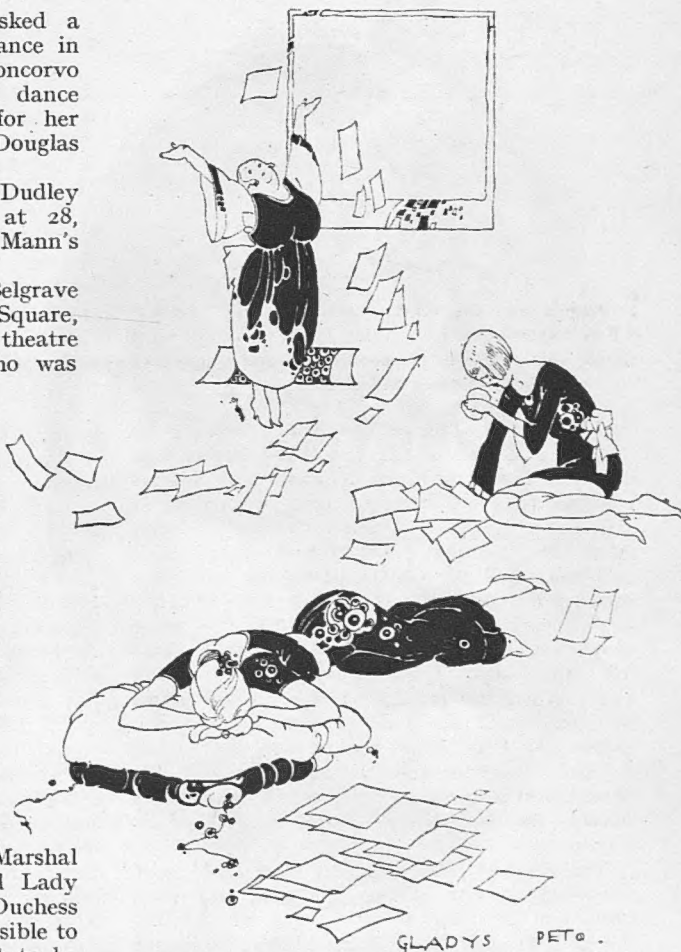
Young men (most of whom have been "axed") will not pay for even the jolliest party. And rich hostesses—even the richest—are not as rich as they used to be; and what with Mrs. Marshal Field's ball to look forward to, and Lady Curzon's, Lord Revelstoke's and the Duchess of Sutherland's, next week, it is impossible to get people as interested as they ought to be in those balls where invitations cost more pounds than an exasperated bank manager will allow you to overdraw pence.

Frinton Again. Next week we have Frinton and a jolly tennis week by the sea—if only the weather permits—with all

the super-players staying at the various hotels or with Mrs. Caryl Baring or Mrs. Loeffler, or one or other of the popular hostesses who make Frinton more and more the jolliest little place on earth. Also we have Nottingham, with Mrs. Birkin as hostess-in-chief to innumerable tennis-players—including her daughter, Mrs. Dudley Ward, and Lord and Lady Victor Paget, and several others, and, of course, her débutante daughter, Miss Vera Birkin (who grows more and more like Mrs. Dudley Ward.)

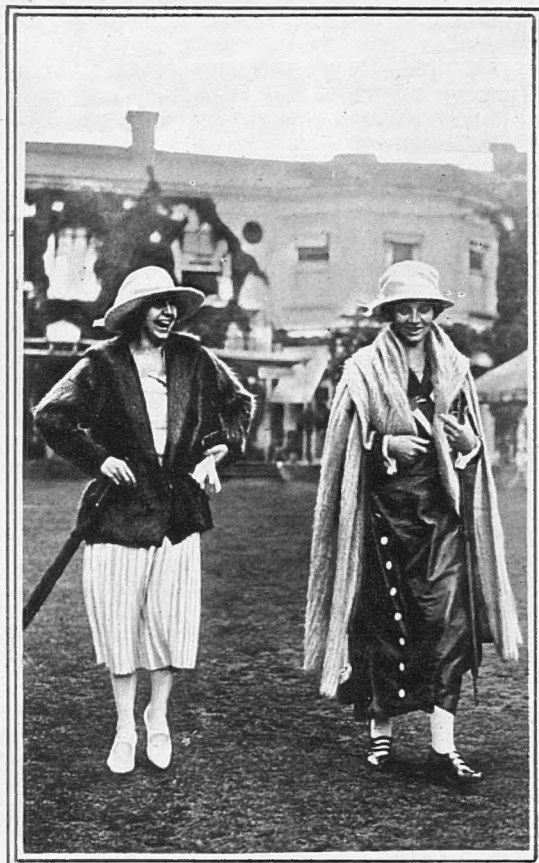
The Première of the Week. Such a smart audience assembled at the Strand for the first night of Baron de Rothschild's play, "The Risk." The author, who watched the performance from a box, smiled and seemed very pleased with the reception of his much-discussed drama of a surgeon's criminal career. Miss Kyrle Bellew, as the vivacious American who is sacrificed on the altar of the surgeon's greed, and murdered by an unnecessary operation, is a charming victim, and I admired her red evening dress very much. Time was when a Titian-haired woman would not have dared to wear any shade of rose, pink, red, or orange, but Miss Kyrle Bellew looked very well in her cherry-red velvet gown. Only the bodice was of this gay colour, as the skirt was carried out in a kind of pewter lace and enlivened with sash-ends of red. With this dress she carried a shaded orange fan, and the daring mixture of colours was extremely effective on the stage.

Miss Megan Lloyd George was in a box, and looked pretty with a pink bandeau in her hair; Lady Diana Cooper was in the stalls in mist-blue, and wore no ornament in her fair head; and the Ian Hays and a large number of political and Diplomatic well-knowns, including the French Ambassador and Earl Haig, were among the audience—altogether a wonderful house. **IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.**



4. But a terrible tragedy has ensued. They counted up the number of words they'd written (and the story must not exceed 2500): Angela, though she hasn't nearly finished, has written 10,741; Kitten has written 122,589, and hasn't got her characters into the jungle yet; and Aunt Babsie—whose hero and heroine haven't even met—is responsible for 7,321,813.

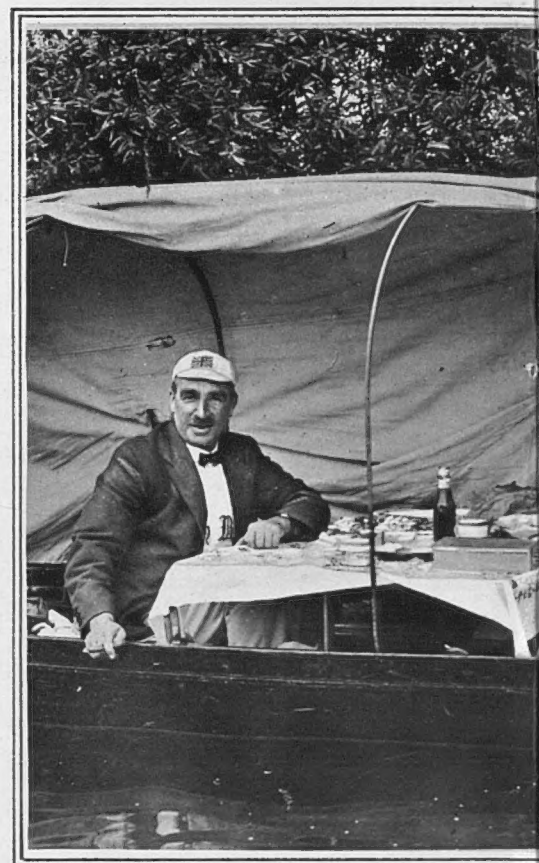
THE FURRY AND MACKINTOSHED HENLEY: SOCIETY



AT PHYLLIS COURT: MRS. AND MISS
F. H. FOX.



WITH LADY AMY COATS AND LADY DORIS
GORDON-LENNOX: LORD SETTRINGTON.



A PREVIOUS WINNER OF THE DIAMOND
MR. H. T.



THE M.P. FOR THE HENLEY DIVISION: CAPTAIN REGINALD
TERRELL, AND MISS MARGARET O'CONNOR.



THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS ROWING MAN AND THE DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN OXFORD COACH:
MRS. PITMAN AND MISS JOY GOULD.

Henley was held this year in the stormiest and wettest weather imaginable, but in spite of the conditions, a certain number of optimistic people gathered to see the great aquatic carnival. Lady Doris Gordon-Lennox is the younger daughter of the Earl of March, and granddaughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon; Lady Amy Coats is her married sister, and Lord Settrington her only brother.—Mr. H. T. Blackstaffe won the Diamond Sculls in 1906; Lady Rachel Cavendish is the fourth daughter of the Duke of Devonshire; Captain Reginald Terrell, who served in the

PEOPLE AT THE WETTEST RIVER CARNIVAL.



SCULLS WATCHING THE RACING:
BLACKSTAFFE.



WELL EQUIPPED FOR THE WEATHER: LADY RACHEL
CAVENDISH AND FRIENDS.



GUESTS OF CAPTAIN TERRELL, M.P.: LADY WATSON
AND HER NIECE.



THE OXFORD COACH AND A WELL-KNOWN OARSMAN: MR. GOULD (LEFT),
AND MR. GUY NICKALLS.



THE CAMBRIDGE STROKE: MR. P. G. H. HARTLEY,
AND A FRIEND.

Grenadier Guards during the war, has been the Member for the Henley Division since 1918.—Mrs. Pitman is the wife of the famous rowing man who stroked the Cambridge Eight in the Boat-Race in 1884-5-6, and won the Wingfield Sculls and the Diamonds in 1886. He is a member of the Amateur Rowing Association and Chairman of the Committee of the Henley Royal Regatta.—Mr. Guy Nickalls is the famous rowing man who won the Diamond Sculls in 1888, 1889, 1890, 1893, and 1894; and Mr. P. G. H. Hartley has stroked the Boat-Race Cambridge crew in 1920, '21, and '22, and at Henley.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

The Road Once More!

I have just concluded a little motor tour of five hundred miles. After an interval of seven years, it seems queer to find oneself once again at the wheel, to be pulling up at wayside garages for petrol, to be poring over road-maps, to be cursing the idiots who try to sacrifice their lives and yours at the expense of the insurance companies. Road-users have not improved very much, I regret to say. One still finds them darting out of by-roads on to a main road at thirty miles an hour without so much as a toot of warning. You have to be very quick if you wish to save their lives and also tell them, in passing, exactly what you think of their performance. However, I managed it once or twice.

I covered 125 miles the first day, which was not so bad with an entirely strange car. My route took me through Lewes, Tunbridge Wells, Tonbridge, Gravesend, across the river by ferry to Tilbury—a costly little voyage!—Billericay, Chelmsford, and Colchester. I found time to stroll up and down the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells. Here is a tiny bit of England still unspoilt. Whenever I see the Pantiles, I think I will go and live at Tunbridge Wells. To get a constant view of them, however, one would have to inhabit the municipal buildings, and I doubt whether that could be arranged with unanimity.

At Gravesend. Crossing the river by ferry at Gravesend is always an interesting adventure. To begin with, the genius who designed the town entered fully into the fun of the thing. With tremendous ingenuity, he concealed the river with a maze of mean and very narrow streets. Nobody living in Gravesend can really direct you to the ferry. They can only tell you to keep turning right and left until you see something that looks like a steamer. The policeman on point duty is very helpful and charming. You think you have said good-bye to him for ever, but he knows better than that. Having speeded you on your way at four miles an hour, he just waits until you come round again. Before you really find the ferry the features of that constable are imprinted on your memory for all time.

The crew in charge of the ferry love to get a motor-car on board. The width of the boat is about sixteen feet, I suppose, and your vehicle takes up ten of them. When you get to the Tilbury side they give the order

"Back a bit." This means that you sit in the car, start your engine, engage the reverse gear, and, if the crew have any luck, go backwards into the river. Being an old hand at the game, I foiled them, but one never knows. After all, people who live at Gravesend deserve to have some little brightness in their lives.

The Electrical Expert.

On leaving the East Coast I made for Oxford. My road took me through Coggleshall, Dunmow, St. Albans, Hertford,

with a chisel. In less than five minutes the batteries were not charging up at all!

"That's worse than ever," I observed.

"Yes," he said; "I'm afraid it is."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I don't see that I can do anything."

"Well, that's pretty cool. You volunteered to put the thing right, and now it's worse than ever."

"I know; but that's not my fault."

"Isn't it? What did you do to her with that chisel?"

"Oh, nothing much. What I did wouldn't have affected her one way or the other."

"But, my good man, when I drove her in here the batteries were charging up to a certain extent. Now the needle won't move at all."

"I know. I can see that."

"And yet you maintain that you had nothing to do with it! Do you mean to tell me that, after running nearly two hundred miles, the mere action of driving into your yard bust the whole bally thing?"

"That's about it."

I drove off. What else could one do? Oddly, there was no mention of payment.

Oxford in Commem. Week.

Arrived at Oxford, rather jaded, I was held up in the Broad by a concourse of ten to twenty thousand people. There may have been more, but I only counted up to ten thousand. The reason for this excitement was a procession of children in fancy dress. The children took the middle of the road, and the fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts, godfathers, godmothers, and cousins had the rest. I was half-an-hour in the Broad, during which time they collected my money for the hospital.

Oxford was celebrating Commemoration Week. This means that everybody wears a haggard or a pallid look. Half of them are haggard because they are in the Examination Schools for six hours a day, and the other half are pallid because they have been dancing all night.

I had a shock in the High. I met a very pretty girl in a limp "square."* It suited her, but had a rakish look. It was just the sort of "square" we used to cultivate in our first year by smashing all the cardboard. I thought this girl had hit on a daring new local fashion—until I discovered she was a lady undergraduate!

* Academic head-piece sometimes known as a "mortar-board."



THE MARRIAGE OF OUR WELL-KNOWN ARTIST: CAPTAIN EMMERSON, R.A., M.C., AND HIS BRIDE, MISS GLADYS PETO.

Miss Gladys Peto, the popular artist whose drawings are so well known to "Sketch" readers, is now Mrs. Emmerson. Her marriage to Captain C. Lindsay Emmerson, R.A., M.C., took place at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington.—[Photograph by F. A. Swaine.]

Tring, Aylesbury, Thame, and other charming places that I cannot recall for the moment.

At one of them—I must not say which—I met the finest electrical expert in the kingdom. My batteries were not charging up as they should, and I mentioned the fact to him, chiefly because I thought life in a small provincial town must be sometimes dull. He invited me into his back-yard, and attacked my cut-out

LADY WARRENDER.

We much regret that, owing to an error in the placing of blocks, a picture by Mr. Leo Klin was published in our issue of July 5 under the title of Lady Warrender. In reality, the drawing showed the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt, wife of Lord Ashcombe's eldest son. Before her marriage Mrs. Cubitt was Miss Sonia Keppel. The portrait of Lady Warrender will appear next week.

This Week's Studdy.



JIMMY WILD.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE: The Studdy Dog Portfolio, containing fifteen of the most famous of the Dog Studies by Studdy which have appeared in the "Sketch," printed in colours, on thick paper, and suitable for framing, is now on sale, price 2s.



ALTERING NATURE'S PERFUME TO SUIT "HER": M. SACHA GUITRY IN "UN MONSIEUR QUI ATTEND UNE DAME."

It is safe to say that there is no man on earth who at one time or another has not had to wait for a lady, and in "Un Monsieur Qui Attend Une Dame," the inimitable M. Sacha Guitry, who has just been seen at the Prince's, pictures the nervous business with which the impatient male attempts to pass the time. He "fusses" about the room, and actually sprays those flowers whose scent does not seem to agree with Her favourite perfume. Then he plans how she is about to start

for the rendezvous; she is actually leaving her own door; entering a car; passing certain street corners—and coming nearer every moment. Now, he thinks, she is approaching the door and is about to ring. At that moment a bell actually sounds, and the prophecy of her arrival seems about to come true—but it is only a message from some other person; so the unhappy man telephones to find out what has happened, and gets news of the lady's actual movements.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY STAGE PHOTO CO.



THE SONG OVER THE 'PHONE: Mlle. YVONNE PRINTEMPS IN "UN MONSIEUR QUI ATTEND UNE DAME."

In the meantime, what is the lady doing—the lady for whom "He" is waiting? Her voice tells him over the 'phone that she has not started; and he complains that the time is limited, to which she replies that it is not worth while coming now. He beseeches, and all that "She" (who is the fascinating Mlle. Yvonne Printemps) will answer is that he must go on entreating, but that she will not reply. He obeys her, and all Sacha Guitry's art is put into the imploring words which go over the wire.

They elicit no reply, and in despair he begs her, if she will not speak, at least to sing to him, and he will hear on the telephone. But in the meantime the capricious lady has left her home and reached the rendezvous without his hearing her entry, and she replies with the song played on his own piano at two yards' distance from him, while he, at the telephone, thinks he is hearing her from a distance over the wire! Was ever a surprise so well worth waiting for as "Her" unexpected arrival?

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY STAGE PHOTO CO.

The Modern Girl—From an Artist's Sketch-Book.



I. — ON THE RIVER.

PAINTED FOR "THE SKETCH" BY BARRIBAL.



Major Christopher Lowther and Bottomley.

One hears much mention of the grit and moral fibre shown by Major Christopher Lowther in the Bottomley affair. Not only did Major Lowther go to see Bottomley in prison; he stood by the fallen man during the proceedings in the Court of Appeal. He sat near him on the solicitors' bench. He showed fine courtesy to Mrs. Bottomley and her daughter when they came into Court.

In these days of publicity, it was conduct that demanded real moral courage. Major Lowther would not have been blamed had he slipped away into obscurity during the disgrace of the misguided man who had been his political chief. He did not. He remained loyal to the end. It was devotion that deserved a worthier object.

They say that Bottomley's health is far from being what it was. His teeth have given him trouble, and he finds it hard to assimilate prison fare. It is a miserable ending, all the more so because this man of great capacity has met with his deserts.

The Co-Optimists' Earnings.

All sorts of stories have circulated about the wealth made by that merry, talented band the Co-Optimists during their famous stay at the Palace Theatre. The actual figure is, I believe, somewhere near £60,000.

During the very best weeks, the clear profit amounted to about £1800. There were not more than three weeks when serious loss had to be recorded. The biggest week's loss was £700, which was the amount of the weekly rental of the theatre.

It was a dashing venture, and deserved to succeed.

Air-Service Flaws.

Not everyone is satisfied with certain aerial services between London and Paris as express carriers of luggage. Perhaps it is the postal people on terra-firma who ought to receive the chief blame. Here is the latest example, and I know very well indeed the man who makes the complaint.

He journeyed to Paris by boat and train the other Thursday, taking a dinner-jacket for his evening clothes. But he found waiting for him an invitation for a very smart affair that was to take place on the Saturday. He wired immediately for his full evening kit to be forwarded by aeroplane.

The clothes were duly despatched on the Friday. They were not brought to him at his hotel in time for the Saturday function. Even when he left Paris at midday on the Monday they had not arrived. He could not even tell me the final result of the muddle, for when I spoke to him six days after the clothes had set out on their travels, they had not been reported.

Strawberries and Lemons.

I see that Luigi has been persuading some of his patrons at the Embassy Club to try a thin slice of ham with the cantelupe melon they take as an *hors d'œuvre*.



NOT RUSSIAN DANCERS! MR. K. E. CRAWLEY, MR. C. S. CRAWLEY, AND MR. R. H. BAUCHER (CAPTAIN) OF THE HARROW XI, AT CATCHING PRACTICE.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch."

"How they eat melon in my country," was his explanation to one diner I know, though sometimes you don't know whether or not Luigi is jesting. The combination does, however, bring out the taste of the melon.



MEMBERS OF THE ETON XI. AT CATCHING PRACTICE: MR. N. R. BARRETT AND LORD DUNGLASS.—[Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch."]

Another way is to eat your melon with a fork, not a spoon, and, before each mouthful, to push the prongs of the fork into an uncut lemon. That also brings out the full flavour of the melon.

The other day, too, I found an enthusiastic

strawberry consumer eating that glorious fruit with the addition of lemon-juice instead of cream. We all live and learn.

A "Tenner" on Patterson.

I am writing before the final results of the lawn-tennis at Wimbledon, but I do know that G. L. Patterson strongly fancied himself for this year's championship before he set out from Australia. Even before he sailed, one of his friends wrote to someone in London asking if he could get a "tenner" at good odds on Patterson to win. This confidence in the Australian was based on the improvement in his health, on the increased soundness of his play, and on Patterson's own belief in himself, although at that time the lawn-tennis world was ringing with the brilliant accomplishments of young Norton.

Ireland.

There have been flamboyant accounts of the fighting in Dublin, but it is still the more minute, personal incidents that bring home to one the odd, topsy-turvy, sometimes appalling, condition of things in Ireland.

A friend of mine lives a routine life in London. His wife's parents have a small estate in Western Ireland. The other day my friend was rung up on the telephone. A man called him by his Christian name, and, after the first pause, added, "Surely you know who it is speaking?"

It was his father-in-law, who followed in person. He was clad not in London clothes, but in the leggings and sporting jacket he was in the habit of wearing when going about his Irish property. He explained that he and his wife had been turned out by Sinn Féiners.

"They came in a motor-car, six of them, armed," he went on. "They were not impolite, but they told us we were to be out of the neighbourhood in four hours' time. Those were their orders."

"But," I protested, "I don't believe there is a train now that will get us away in four hours' time." The leader of the party, whom I did not know, replied that another party was coming in a car in four hours' time to see if orders had been carried out. "And what are their orders?" I asked. They told me they did not know, but they might be very unpleasant ones, and they advised me to get out.

"Well, we got together what things we could for an unexpected railway journey, and arrived at the local railway station, five miles from my house. At the railway station I met a Sinn Féiner whom I knew, and I asked him the meaning of it all. We had taken no active part in political matters—had, indeed, tried particularly hard not to do so."

"Your house," I was told, "is wanted for some refugees from the North." And that

was all the explanation I got. There was nowhere else in Ireland for us to go to, so we thought we had better come to London."

Since then he has gone back, leaving his wife in London, to see what chance there is of his home being restored to him;



THE MOURNING ATHENE: MISS HEATHER HARVEY
IN A POSE CÉRAMIQUE.



THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS: HERMES (MISS H. HARVEY); ATHENE (MISS W. SINGER); HERA (LADY DAVSON); ZEUS (MR. C. SINGER); APHRODITE (MRS. C. SINGER); AND PARIS (CAPT. TEMPERLEY) L. TO R.



KNUCKLEBONES: MRS. CECIL SINGER; MISS HEATHER HARVEY; MISS WINNARETTA SINGER;
AND LADY DAVSON (LEFT TO RIGHT).

PRESENTED IN A SWIMMING-BATH: GREEK REVUE AND

The Greek Revue pictured on our pages was given at Miss Winnaretta Singer's house, and was remarkable for the accuracy of every detail of costume and setting, and the high artistic merit of the whole performance. The scene of the production was the Greek Swimming Bath which is a feature of the house, and the dresses were made by the performers, and are exact copies of those worn by the Ancients. The programme included some very beautiful Poses Céramiques; "The Judgment of Paris," and two other dialogues by Lucian, as well as a Reading from Théophile Gautier, in which Lady Davson, the wife of Sir Edward Davson, and formerly Miss Margot Glyn, took the part of

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR



UNE NUIT DE CLÉOPÂTRE: THE MUSE (LADY DAVSON); CHARMIAN (MISS HEATHER HARVEY); CLEOPATRA (MISS WINNARETTA SINGER); AND IRAS (MRS. CECIL SINGER)—(LEFT TO RIGHT).



CONFIDENCES: MISS WINNARETTA SINGER AND LADY DAVSON (MELITTA AND BACCHIS).



UNE NUIT DE CLÉOPÂTRE: A GUARD (CAPT. DRISCOLL); A BLACK SLAVE (MR. PAT SINGER); CLEOPATRA (MISS WINNARETTA SINGER); MEL-AMOUN (MR. C. SINGER); IRAS (MRS. C. SINGER); A GUARD (MR. EASTLEY); AND, IN FOREGROUND, A SYRIAN DANCER (MISS BLOSSOM FORBES-ROBERTSON).

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER'S "CLEOPATRA" IN A PRIVATE HOUSE.

the Muse, and read "Une Nuit de Cléopâtre"; while the other members of the cast mimed the story. Miss Singer, the daughter of Mrs. Paris Singer, made an ideal Cleopatra, and her brother, Mr. Cecil Singer, took the rôle of Mel-Amoun, whose temerity wins him the Imperial favour for a night, and death at dawn. He willingly drinks the poisoned cup and falls dead as Antony returns to the arms of his Imperial mistress. Miss Blossom Forbes-Robertson gave a beautiful dance as the Syrian Slave: "The Judgment of Paris" was another very successful item, in which Captain Temperley's high-spirited rendering of Paris was particularly admired.



Aubrey Boomer's Master-Eye.

By R. Endersby Howard.

Securing a Focus.

Is there a master-eye in golf? One is moved to ask this question by a study of the methods of Aubrey Boomer, that rising professional of twenty-four who has won the open championship of France for the second year in succession, and whose record round of 65 on the occasion of his recent success at La Boulie, near Versailles, assuredly takes rank among the great scoring performances of the season—comparable even with George Duncan's 68 at St. Andrews and subsequent 69 at Sandwich. Boomer does most unquestionably focus the ball with one eye only—the left. It may be that many other players do the same—or that, in a proportion of cases, the right is the master-eye—but they do not disclose the trait in anything like so pronounced a degree as does Boomer. Nor have I ever heard of anybody else being conscious of it.

The Slanting Head.

Should the golfer discover for himself which is his master-eye, and—so far as vision is concerned—concentrate with it to the exclusion of the other eye? Boomer says that he did this when, after pursuing the game in a more or less dilettantish way at Victoria College, the public school of Jersey, and securing a handicap of four in the club at La Moye, he resolved to take seriously to golf. He tried each eye in turn, found that the left was the eye which worked the better in conjunction with the brain and body, and applied himself to putting it in complete charge of the focusing of the ball. The result is to be observed now in the tilt of his head during the address. Instead of having both eyes more or less over the ball, he has the left side of his face over that object in so marked a manner that virtually only the left eye can see the ball. He looks at it very much as a chicken would look at it if it took an interest in such an article—with the head on the slant.

One-Eyed Putting.

Boomer has cultivated this principle deliberately. For the purpose of addressing the golf ball he has been putting his head more and more askew every year. He confesses that at first it tended to make the head move back with the club, and thus to promote the fault of swaying; but he has mastered that, and now he declares that he could not

play golf half so well as he does unless his master-eye had undisputed control over the sighting of the ball. I have heard of players who have made interesting discoveries in this connection. Mr. E. W. B. Scratton, who played at the head of the Cambridge team against Oxford some years ago, once wrote to me to relate a strange experience which befell him on the Brancaster links, in Norfolk. He had an abscess on one eye, and the doctor told him to give up golf for a time. But he was very keen to keep a promise to take part in a team match, so he placed a bandage over the weak organ and went out to do his best with the one sound eye. And he said that he never played better in his life, and never putted quite so well as on that occasion. He missed nothing under two yards, and holed several long

strength—so here was an opportunity to secure distinguished approval of the one-eyed idea. But Sir Richard would have none of it. He pointed out that man is the only animal whose two eyes are designed by Nature to produce a perfect stereoscopic effect, and that deliberately to shut up one of them is to discard a valuable dispensation. Obviously, nothing would ever have convinced him of the importance of the master-eye theory.

Testing for the Master.

What happens when one eye is weaker than the other, and the player does not secure the stereoscopic effect by wearing glasses, I do not know. It is a question on which the lay person hesitates to express an opinion. I do know, however, that plenty of golfers—and, for that matter, players of cricket, billiards, and other games—have hazy notions as to the possession of master-eyes, although, as very few people ever bother to find out which is their better eye, they never progress beyond the stage of nebulous rumination on the subject. Mr. C. J. Castel, one of the best amateur golfers in France and a regular competitor in the British championships, is prepared to prove that, in four cases out of five, the master-eye is the left eye. He asks people to take a golf ball out of his hand, and he watches their vision as they respond to his request. He says that, in nearly all instances, it is the left eye which, involuntarily, they fix on the ball, and which directs the hand to take it. The only difficulty about this may be the difficulty of proving it.

A Left-Sided Player.

At any rate, Boomer is unquestionably a golfer who has improved either because of, or in spite of, his

belief in the left eye as the master-eye. Indeed, he is what might be termed "a left-sided golfer." In taking the club back, he has the stiffest and straightest left arm that I have seen in any first-class golfer. Mr. R. H. Wethered has emphasised very strongly the importance of the straight left arm in the up-swing. I think he has gone even so far as to say that this arm should be as rigid as a poker in taking the club back, which may occur to some people as likely to lead to a constricted condition of the muscles—which nobody wants in golf. The methods of most great golfers prove to the full, however, the importance of the straight left, and Boomer goes very near to fulfilling Mr. Wethered's prescribed condition—a left arm as stiff as a poker.



AT A FAMOUS GOLFING RESORT: THREE OF THE EARL OF ELLESMERE'S CHILDREN, AND FRIENDS.

Our photograph, which was taken on the sands at North Berwick, shows, from left to right: Lady Margaret Egerton, Lord Brackley, Miss Barbara Lambton, Miss Barbara Curle, Lady Susan Egerton, and Miss Pamela Curle. Lord Brackley is the only son of the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, and Lady Susan and Lady Margaret Egerton are the two youngest of his five sisters; while Miss Barbara Lambton is their cousin.—[Photograph by Balmain.]

putts. It is an interesting point that Boomer, too, is an especially fine putter.

An Oculist's Disbelief.

In these matters one is apt to obtain very little encouragement from expert ophthalmic opinion. Fascinated by the story of Mr. Scratton, and having in mind Boomer's theory, I seized the opportunity of a walk round the links with Sir Richard Cruise, the eye specialist of Wimpole Street, to place the facts and the deductions before him. Sir Richard is a golfer with a handicap of about four, and about as deadly a putter as anybody could ever hope to be—he has made a sheer art of putting, even to allotting proportionate values to its various departments, such as fixing upon the line and determining the

A Family Study.



WITH MICHAEL AND SIMON ASQUITH: LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH, THE ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE NINTH EARL OF WEMYSS AND MARCH, AND WIFE OF MR. HERBERT ASQUITH, THE ELDEST SON OF THE RT. HON. H. H. ASQUITH, P.C., M.P., K.C.

This charming family study of Lady Cynthia Asquith shows her with Michael and Simon, two of her three sons. Lady Cynthia married Mr. Herbert Asquith in 1910. Her eldest son was born in 1911, her

second in 1914, and the baby of the family made his appearance in 1919. Lady Cynthia and Mr. Herbert Asquith have a house in Sussex Place, Regent's Park, and are very popular in London Society.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams; The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

The Greatest Society Cricket Match: Eton Cracks.



N. Jewelyn Davies.



S.E. Vivian-Smith.



G.K. Cox (Captain)



J.E. Hurley.



M.R. Bridgeman.



R.G.M. Kennerley-Rumford.



N.R. Barrett.



F.G.B. Arkwright.



W.P. Thursby.



G.S. Incledon-Webber.



Lord Dunglass.



E.W. Dawson.

INCLUDING THE SPARE PLAYER: ETONIANS CHOSEN TO APPEAR AT LORD'S.

This page of Etonian cricketers shows the Eleven (plus the spare player) chosen to appear at Lord's on July 14 and 15, when the Eton and Harrow cricket match takes place. An article dealing with the play of the Etonians pictured above appears on page xvi of this issue. Mr. R. G. M.

Kennerley-Rumford is the son of Dame Clara Butt, and her husband, Mr. Kennerley-Rumford; and Lord Dunglass is the eldest son of the Earl of Home. Mr. G. S. Incledon-Webber made the top score at the Eton-Winchester match with 2 not out in the first innings, and 80 in the second.

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Possible Winner·Owners of Classic Races of the Future.



LADY MARY KIRK.



MME. ANGHELATO.



MRS. PEGGY PHILLIPS.



MISS JEAN BURNS.

This page of lady racehorse owners brings the number of portraits of women owners published in "The Sketch" up to forty-four. Lady Mary Kirk, who is the wife of Captain C. G. P. Kirk, is the elder daughter of the Earl of Fingall; Mrs. Peggy Phillips owns Brotherhood,

What Luck, etc. What Luck has won at Folkestone, Hawthorn Hill, Lingfield, and recently at Sandown; while Castalian (which was once the property of Mrs. Peggy Phillips) also won for her at Alexandra Park. Miss Jean Burns is the owner of Little Flower.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Auto-Criticism. Of truisms it might be said that some are still true, and some never were true, and some were true once but are true no longer. I wonder into which category you would put the truism that no author is a good judge of his own work?

Most authors will tell you unhesitatingly that they are the best judges of their own work. Nearly every author has a favourite book or a favourite play. The interesting thing is that this favourite book or favourite play is seldom, if ever, the favourite with the public.

Perhaps the public, as a whole, are not particularly good judges. They like to have their minds made up for them. They like to be told: "Oh, you must read that"; or "You must go to see that"; and they obey. They rely on any opinion save the opinion of the publisher or the manager responsible for the production of the goods.

This is all very well so long as the book or play in question gets a fair start—so long, that is to say, as it attracts sufficient attention at the outset to get talked about and recommended. But there are many cases in which those who would talk, and talk with enthusiasm, do not come into quick contact with the work; and then the work disappears from the world of art and is practically still-born.

It is natural, therefore, that an author should think most highly of a book that has escaped general attention. He is like a mother who grieves over a child that dies in infancy. She may have half-a-dozen other children, but none can compare with the child that never attained maturity. She, and she alone, knows what that child might have been had it lived.

Little-Read Books.

Our great libraries are full of excellent books that the public has never discovered. If you began to make a list of such books, it would reach from end to end of the kingdom. I could name several from memory, but where is the use? You would not believe me, or, if you did possibly believe me, you would not bother to get those books and read them when every day brings new books from the publishers.

And there is such a thing, you know, as a book going "out of print." No book, as a

matter of fact, ever does utterly perish. As a last resort you can find any book in the British Museum, or the Bodleian at Oxford. But enthusiasm does not drive the public to the British Museum or the Bodleian. The dead children, so beloved of their authors, lie buried in the cellars of those sombre buildings, and there they will lie for all time unless the great unexpected happens, and a frantic desire seizes the public to read every word that the author has written. In any case, this will happen only when the author is himself dead—even more dead than his still-born children.

Let us away, however, with these gloomy thoughts. The month is July, there is a cold wind blowing, and no sun shines in the heavens. What a chance for the newly arrived books! You need no urging to light your comfortable summer fire, to shut out the pelting rains and the bitter breezes, and turn your attention to the cheerful fiction that is

been careful to state in my preface, they were written in many "veins." They extend over a considerable period of time. I feel pretty sure that I was not always in my happiest vein when I wrote these stories. Some of them, to tell the truth, are rather bitter.

Take, for example, the two stories at the end of the volume—"The Man Who Knew Everybody" and "The Agent in Advance." Both stories deal with the next world, and the unhappy experiences therein of people who were not particularly nice people in this world. I am not at all sure that these two stories should not have stood first instead of last in the volume. They are the olives of the meal. But olives are an acquired taste, and one dare not thrust olives under the noses of those who do not care for them.

The Purleys. So the adventures of the Purleys of Wimbledon stand first. You may have met the Purleys in a previous volume. Mr. Purley has made a fortune in trade, retired with the proceeds, and has social ambitions. Mrs. Purley has no social ambitions whatever. She is quite content with her comfortable home, her affectionate if somewhat startling and erratic husband, and the fortunes of her married children.

John Purley rouses her from her happy lethargy. He has set his heart on a knighthood, and has observed that honours of that



THE MARRIAGE OF THE HON. FREDERICA SOMERSET AND COMMANDER BERTRAM HUGHES-HALLET: THE BRIDAL PAIR LEAVING HOLY TRINITY, SLOANE STREET.

Lord Raglan gave away his sister, the Hon. Frederica Somerset, daughter of the late Lord Raglan, for many years Governor of the Isle of Man, and of Lady Raglan, at her marriage to Commander Bertram Hughes-Hallett, Royal Indian Marine, second son of the late Colonel Wyndham Hughes-Hallett. The bride, who wore a draped gown of cream satin beauté, with a train draped in fine Brussels lace, looked very lovely. A reception was held at 24, Sloane Gardens after the ceremony, and the bride and

bridegroom then left for Whitley, Lyme Regis.

Photograph by C.N.

yours for little more than the asking.

Taking the Plunge.

So much by way of preface to a difficult—a peculiarly difficult—task. I have been commanded by my Editor to review this week a book entitled "The Purleys of Wimbledon." It is just the sort of book I should recommend for a wintry day in July but for one thing—I wrote it myself. How am I to criticise it myself with truth and equity?

The publishers, at any rate, have given me a lead. They say on the "jacket": "This series of stories shows the author in his happiest vein." Here, to begin with, is something I can criticise. They do not show me in my happiest vein, because, as I have



BRIDESMAIDS AND PAGES AT THE HUGHES-HALLET-SOMERSET WEDDING: A GROUP IN SWEET-PEA MAUVE.

The bridesmaids at the marriage of Commander Hughes-Hallett to the Hon. Frederica Somerset were the Hon. Ivy Somerset, the Hon. Kathleen Browne, Miss Blanche Somerset, and Miss Dorothy Twemlow. Miss Anne Somerset acted as train-bearer, and the Hon. Henry Loch and Master Ian Douglas were pages. The bridesmaids' dresses were of mauve georgette, and they carried bouquets of sweet peas; and the child attendants wore suits and a dress of the same shade.—[Photograph by C.N.]

kind generally come to those who go in search of them. His energies take him—and poor old Agnes along with him—to the Winter Sports in Switzerland, to Paris, and to Theatreland. Whether you will find these adventures amusing or not I cannot, of course, say. If the worst comes to the worst, there are plenty of other stories in the book.

There are two tales about children. For some inexplicable reason, these two child-stories made a strong appeal to American

[Continued overleaf.]

"Knife to Knife and a Few Ribbons for Love's Sake."



AS MARIA DEL CARMEN AND FUENSENTICA : MISS DORIS LLOYD AND MISS JULIE KEAN IN "SPANISH LOVERS."

"Spanish Lovers," at the Kingsway, has been described by the "Times" as a drama of "knife to knife and a few ribbons for love's sake." The exciting plot is thoroughly dramatic, and the Spanish pageant and dances are particularly attractive. Our page shows a

beautiful photographic study of Miss Doris Lloyd, who plays the leading rôle, and Miss Julie Kean, who gives a high-spirited performance of great charm. Miss Doris Lloyd's acting is a very fine piece of work.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY C. POLLARD CROWTHER, F.R.P.S.

Continued.]

editors, and were reproduced in that generous country in the lavish and engaging manner which we have learned to associate with American magazines. One is about a little girl, the only child of a multi-millionaire, who could think of nothing better for a birthday present than a real live policeman. So her father bought her a policeman, nice and fat, and Celestia was happy until her energetic imagination reduced the policeman to a shadow.

The other child story, called "Volting Ambition," is somewhat scientific in tone.

My Own Favourite.

If you are interested in the matter at all, you will probably want to know which is my own favourite among these tales. This is a puzzling question to decide. My young friends Austin and Celia reappear, for example, and I am rather partial to this couple, who seem typical of many young couples, if one may judge from the number of young married people who have accused me of putting them into print. Then there is a rather neat little story, also popular with the Americans, called "Handmaid to the Rumbelows." There is not much in it, perhaps, except the manner of telling, which came to me quite suddenly and very easily.

I think I shall plump for "Crossing the Ridge," because the scene is laid at the Grand Canyon of Arizona, one of the most impressive memories of my travels in America. Besides, "Crossing the Ridge" goes rather deeply into the hardest marital problem of all, and I have already told you that authors labelled "humorous" like to be taken seriously now and again. After all, they do, occasionally, cogitate.

And now my embarrassing task is completed. I have obeyed my Editor and reviewed my own book. Anything more cold-blooded and aloof you could hardly expect. My publishers will doubtless rap me over the knuckles for not taking better advantage of such a unique opportunity. I must put up with that. I am already suffused with blushes, and must cool off before dealing with the masterpieces of others.

William de Morgan.

The late William de Morgan and his wife were a couple of peculiar interest. Both were artists, the one expressing himself in pottery, the other on canvas. The story of their lives, of their struggles and financial failures in the world of art, and of his sudden and fairy-like success in the world of letters is delightfully told in a fine volume by A. M. W. Stirling, illustrated with reproductions of Mrs. de Morgan's pictures and photographs of William de Morgan's distinctive bowls and vases.

The great public, however, will be chiefly interested in William de Morgan's sudden rise to fame and comparative affluence through the medium of the novel. After all, the reader of this volume will say to himself, if he could do it, why not I? That is the worst of these easy and sensational successes, whether in literature or any other department of art—they flood the market with sanguine amateurs, who become the prey of rascals, and partially swamp the efforts of those who have borne the heat and burden of the day. (I know that sounds like a mixed metaphor, but it isn't. You must imagine a patient spider, which has laboriously climbed a water-pipe all through the heat and burden

of the day, getting soused and swamped at last by an overflow from the eaves.)

William de Morgan had to abandon his career as a potter because neuritis gripped his thumb and put a stop to his drawing.

"Shortly afterwards de Morgan was ill in bed, suffering ostensibly from influenza, but principally from the unwonted idleness which filled him with depression and sapped his vitality. Evelyn [that was his wife] took the piece of manuscript to him [the first two chapters of "Joseph Vance," written in an idle moment a long time before, and then thrown aside as worthless] and laid it by his bedside, with a pencil temptingly adjacent. 'I think something might be made of this,' she said briefly. When she looked in softly half-an-hour later he had started on the occupation which he was never again to abandon, and was writing rapidly."



THE NEW CONSERVATIVE MEMBER FOR THE CLAPHAM DIVISION: SIR JOHN LEIGH, BT., M.P., OWNER OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

Sir John Leigh, of 6, Carlton House Terrace, and Lilleshall Hall, Shropshire, is one of our greatest war-time philanthropists, and his gifts, which included one of £50,000 to the King's Fund for the Disabled, exceeded £300,000. He is a big land-owner in Shropshire, and possesses no fewer than eight church livings. The "Pall Mall Gazette" now belongs to him, and he is making a name for himself in the newspaper world. In May of the present year he was elected without opposition as the Conservative Member for the Clapham Division.

The Light Heart.

The author himself did not even yet take the work seriously. "My book," he said, "was written in the serenest independence an author can enjoy—to wit, in total disbelief in ultimate publication. I never considered the feelings of my reader for a moment—nor his eyesight."

He had, you see, an elderly man's knowledge of the world, his sympathy, his understanding, his broad humanity, with the lightness of heart that the unseared amateur brings to his work. This rare combination must have contributed very largely to the success of the book. But there was also the fresh touch, the new personality, which goes

far with publishers, reviewers, and the public. Despite all these advantages, one of the largest firms in London refused the book, which was eventually published by the astute Mr. Heinemann, and enjoyed the success which has become literary history.

What a happy ending to a career of labour and disappointment! There are happy endings, you see, even in real life.

Mr. Oppenheim "The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss" shows us in Mean Streets.

quite a new Mr. Oppenheim. Page after page I turned over without once coming to the Milan Hotel and Restaurant! We finish up there, of course, and we go down "carpeted stairs into the very luxurious motor-car which was waiting." We also get into the motor-car and "glide off." But there are fewer carpeted stairs in this book, fewer luxurious motor-cars, and less gliding off than in any novel by Mr. Oppenheim that I can remember.

It is actually a story of mean streets and the negligible people who inhabit them! I admire Mr. Oppenheim's courage, but I tremble for the verdict of his regular readers. For so many years has he wafted them hither and thither in palaces of glass and morocco, fed them with "delicate food," exhilarated them with "sparkling wine," and introduced them to the serenely joyous denizens of the Milan, that I fear the shock of the transformation may provoke an attack of "G.P.I."

"Bliss packed his few belongings and returned to Poplar." (Poplar, mind you! Here's goings on!) "The house and shop were still in darkness. He climbed up into the loft where he was supposed to sleep, and by the light of the candle looked around him. The uninviting-looking bed, the absence of any washing utensils, the torn and filthy piece of linoleum upon the floor, its only covering, sickened him." (Can you wonder? He was a millionaire, with a "sumshus" flat and all that sort of thing.) "For an hour or so he wandered aimlessly about. He seemed just for one evening, at any rate, to have lost all consciousness of his own identity; to have become, indeed, one of the waifs and toilers with whom he rubbed shoulders all the time."

The New Leaf. Bliss had made a bet, you see, with a Harley Street doctor that he would live for a whole year on his own earnings. For a young man of energy and education you would not think this a very difficult task. But, unless Mr. Bliss lost job after job, and was reduced to horrible poverty, there could be no story—at least, no story of the kind that Mr. Oppenheim's readers expect. So Bliss is always in the gutter.

Needless to say, the episodes are ingenious and easy to read. There is a love-story too, and the poor girl who falls in love with Bliss nearly perishes of inanition before he reveals the fact that he is a millionaire. I hope she forgave him for that in after-life, but I have my doubts.

Personally, I welcome Mr. Oppenheim's change of scene and manner. It gives him an opportunity of revealing the humanity he certainly possesses. Who knows? He may yet burn the luxurious Milan to the ground!

The Purleys of Wimbledon. By Keble Howard. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d. net.)

William de Morgan and His Wife. By A. M. W. Stirling. (Thornton Butterworth; 25s. net.)

The Amazing Quest of Mr. Ernest Bliss. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net.)

Pigs, Flowers, and Society — at Cambridge.



Miss Mary Cavendish, & Lady Barbara Bingham.



Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston,
(formerly Miss Moya Mannering)
and her prize pig.



Lady Henry Bentinck & Mrs. Denis Wigan.



Mrs. & Miss Holford.



Lady Greenall & Col. Cholmondeley (r.)



Lady Burrell: Cap. Saville & Mr. Reggie Loder (left)



Major. Huntington, D.S.O.: The Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ward
and Mrs. Huntington (l. to r.)

IN WET-WEATHER KIT: BRAVING THE ELEMENTS AT THE AGRICULTURAL SHOW.

As Stevenson once remarked, for it to rain in July can only be regarded as a "maist unceevil" act on the part of Providence; but Society is wonderfully cheerful, and manages to attend even out-of-door functions, such as the Cambridge Royal Agricultural Show, in spite of the wet weather. Miss Mary Cavendish is the third daughter of Lord Richard

Cavendish; Lady Barbara Bingham is the elder daughter of the Earl of Lucan. Mrs. Percy Lawson-Johnston, who was formerly Miss Moya Mannering, the stage favourite, won third prize with a fine pig. Lady Henry Bentinck is the wife of the brother of the Duke of Portland; the Hon. Mrs. Bruce Ward is the second daughter of Lord Doverdale.

Photographs Nos. 1, 2, and 3, by Alfieri; Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7, by S. and G.



Tales with a sting.

LEADING LADY!

By G. B. STERN.

THE news was passed swiftly round the dressing-rooms that the actor-manager was laid up and not able to play that night. Opinions varied as to whether he had sprained his ankle or knocked his head on the gas-bracket; but, whichever end of him was indisposed, it was obvious that his understudy would have to step in.

"Let me see—who is it? Oh, yes; Jimmy. That means no butler to enter with tea equipage in Act III. to-night. We'll have to throw on the tea from the wings. Hullo, Jimmy old boy," went on the irrepressible Teddy Barclay, second lead, "I hear your Great Chance has come at last! At last! At last! . . . His eye shone, and his paunch was jubilant—you aren't looking as uplifted as I expected."

"Mackay's shooting kit fits too tightly on my shoulders; besides, I hardly know a word of the part; and it's a rotten house; the audience are so spread out that they simply can't hear each other clap—if they do clap, which they won't. And I shall be wondering all through Act III. who's going to bring on the tea equipage in my place. I did it so naturally, too, with such a *je-ne-sais-quoi*." Jimmy Powers, now that he was dizzily promoted to lead, obstinately mourned his three-line part.

Archie Mackay had not been able to afford a large and complete company for his venture into the provinces, Number Three towns, with the successful problem play, "Post-War." Successful in London, that is to say. Perhaps because of its psychologically gloomy ending, it had not hitherto proved much of a draw in Number Three towns.

The story of "Post-War" was that of a competent young wife who during the war had pluckily "carried on" with her husband's business—developed it, and made a far better thing out of it than he could ever have done—war or no-war. On his safe return, she realises this, and so does he, and is in consequence "heartily hipped"—again to quote Teddy Barclay. His jealousy leads to a big conflict and final rupture in Act III. He leaves Caroline for good; the sound of the front door closing signals the final curtain.

"Well, but ain't 'e coming back?" was the comment clearly heard on one occasion from a voice in the pit, expressive of disappointed audiences throughout the tour.

Jimmy Powers did not especially distinguish himself that night in his new rôle of Caroline Farquarson's husband. No London manager in the stalls was heard to exclaim in amazement: "That fellow ought to be playing lead in the West End, and he shall be there before I'm very much older." This might be explained by the accident that no London manager happened to be present in the stalls; but, even had he been, it is doubtful whether Jimmy's performance would have struck him as otherwise than mediocre.

But opinion behind the scenes agreed that Lesley Wyniard, their Leading Lady, was even more subtle and brilliant than usual as Caroline. It was something of a condescension for Miss Wyniard to accept Mackay's offer. She had starred in better companies, and in Number One towns; and even in London she was beginning to be known and watched.

Halfway through Act III. a hitch occurred; the dialogue was supposed to run as follows—

CAROLINE: "Can't we get rid of this—this bogey between us? Are you honestly trying? Do you know what jealousy is? It's only

another word for bad dream; one laugh—and you'll wake up!"

FARQUARSON: "I thought so once. I know differently now."

But Jimmy made a slip in his speech, and it came out as: "I think so now. I thought differently once."

Well—nobody need have noticed that. The prompter was ready to pick him up should he fumble further. But the Leading Lady did an inexplicable thing. She leant forward, took Jimmy's hand, and said: "Wake up, then . . . ah, you silly little boy . . ." and laughed, a clear, infectious laugh of sheer joy.

It was not in the stage directions, nor were the words preceding it.

Even now, they were not very far astray from the original text, and easily ought to have gagged their way back to it. But their light-hearted impromptu alteration of the dramatist rushed on and on. . . . The prompter gasped and lost his place! . . . The prompter's brow was wet with perspiration, and he clutched for support at the stage carpenter, who was standing near by.

It was possible that the understudy, in the first joy of his promotion, might have lost his reason; but why should the Leading Lady have gone mad too? The prompter's brain whirled—they were miles from the original version now—he could never hope to haul them back again. . . . He collapsed at the knees. . . .

The rest of the company were equally dumbfounded at the fluency with which the revised scene leapt to a complete understanding and reconciliation between the husband and wife, instead of—as written—to reproach, embitterment, and parting. Could Jimmy and the leading lady have rehearsed it before? Nobody had ever noticed even the slightest beginning of intimacy between them. Lesley Wyniard had always been charmingly polite, of course, as she invariably was to all her co-actors, but nothing more. What would Mackay say when he heard? . . . "And look here," muttered the bewildered stage-manager to Teddy Barclay, "how long are they going on? How the deuce am I to know when to let the curtain down? Making a jolly good scene of it, all the same, aren't they? I thought Jimmy was puffing up to this last Act; but, by God, he's acting as though he meant it!"

A sudden *crise de nerfs* on the part of the assistant stage-manager brought the curtain tumbling down at a most effective climax of Mr. and Mrs. Farquarson in each other's arms, each protesting, "Dearest, it was my fault!" . . . The happy ending was received rapturously by the audience, who never doubted but that so the dramatist had conceived it. The house swayed with applause. Again and again the Leading Lady and the (temporary) Leading Man took their call.

They were overwhelmed by a shower of questions as, flushed and radiant, they strolled into the wings.

"Can't stop to be congratulated, old man. Miss Wyniard will explain!" And Jimmy pushed a craven escape towards his dressing-room, but not before the Leading Lady had called in a clear, ringing voice: "You *are* coming back with me to-night, aren't you, Jimmy?"

"Rather!" and he disappeared.

"It's quite all right, my dears," Lesley airily explained to the now stunned members of the company. "You see, Jimmy's my

husband, and I've been longing to make up our old quarrel, but to-night was the first chance we had of a quiet chat . . . it made a good end to that rotten old play, didn't it?"

Jimmy, later in the evening, was seated on the arm of his wife's chair, and reflectively kissing the back of her neck at short intervals: " . . . I'll never be jealous again, Lesley; I've been wrung dry of jealousy—chucked it for good! It's a fool's game to be jealous!"

"I must say," Lesley laughed softly, "we found an original time and place in which to adjust our private affairs."

"It proves that the audience prefer a happy ending, doesn't it? Lesley, do you think I'll ever be as big a pot on the stage as you are?"

"Oh, Jimmy, you aren't beginning—"

"No, no; of course I'm not—I told you I'd done with all that. It was just coming back from the war and finding you had got such a huge start of me. . . . We had always been equal up to then, and I could only get puffing little parts."

"Jimmy, I wanted to help you."

Jimmy looked stubborn. "I couldn't possibly accept it—that way round."

"Why not?" she pleaded. "I would have let you use your influence for me."

"I am a man."

"Jimmy, you *are* beginning again!"

Reassuringly he drew her beautiful head down into the crook of his arm. "My dear adorable genius," he said simply and sincerely, "you shall play all the queenly parts in the world, and I'll be content to be the caterpillar that lurks in the lettuce of your salad. You shall stay at the Ritz, and I will put up behind the beyond in Tottenham Court Road, and still not one speck of jealousy shall mar the perfect shining curve of our future happiness. What a pity I didn't include all that in the scene to-night—it's rather good. Never mind, we'll put it in to-morrow."

"Oh, Mackay will be playing again to-morrow."

"D'you think he'll be well enough?"

"Dear old-boy, he wasn't ill—he was only faking."

Sharply her husband pulled away his arm. "Why should he fake?"

"Because I asked him to," murmured the Leading Lady, secure in her queenship.

"You—asked—him—to?" slowly.

"Beloved, I really couldn't wait about for another four years till your pride had simmered down. When I saw 'Post-War' in town, I realised at once that Caroline and Farquarson were simply us over again—she successful and he jealous, and all that sort of thing; so I wangled Mackay into offering me Caroline on tour, and, to everybody's surprise, accepted it. It was easy, through your agent, to get you cast for the butler; and of course, as you were 'resting,' you accepted it!" Lesley, more and more engrossed in this account of her own delightful cleverness, noticed less and less the danger signals of Jimmy's restless movements, Jimmy's obdurate mouth. "As I expected, you remained much too haughty to talk things over in a quiet and decent spirit, or even to recognise me, so I persuaded Mackay to let you play Farquarson for just one evening . . . and it worked beautifully, Jimmy—admit that it worked!" She leant back her head against her clasped hands, and

[Continued on page xvi.]

The First Lady in the Land in Her Dress of Garter-Blue.



WEARING THE ORDER OF THE GARTER: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN IN COURT DRESS.

This beautiful photograph of her Majesty the Queen shows her in a gown of Garter-blue brocade shot with gold, with a train of cloth-of-gold veiled with very beautiful Irish lace. Her Majesty is wearing the Order of the

Garter. She is a Lady of the Order of the Garter, the Victoria and Albert, and the Crown of India, a Grand Cross of the Order of the Star of India, and a Dame Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire.

Photograph by Lambert Weston, 39, Brompton Square.

Daughter of a Baronet and Sister of a Viscountess.



FORMERLY MISS MARGARET LOUISE AINSWORTH: MRS. MURRAY SMITH.

Mrs. Murray Smith is the widow of Mr. Arthur George Murray Smith, a grandson of the first Lord Belper. She was married in 1912, has a small son, Anthony, born in 1913, and lost her husband in the war in 1914. Mrs. Murray Smith is a very beautiful woman, like her elder

sister, Viscountess Massereene and Ferrard, who became the wife of the twelfth Viscount in 1905. They are both daughters of Sir John Stirling Ainsworth, first Baronet, of Ardaraiseig, who sat as Member of Parliament for Argyllshire from 1903 till 1918.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY T. PERCIVAL ANDERSON, M.B.E.

The Monocled Actress who Can Sew a Fine Seam.



ONE OF THE CLEVEREST OF OUR YOUNG ACTRESSES: MISS HEATHER THATCHER.

Miss Heather Thatcher, who made her first appearance on the stage proper in 1916 in "The Girl from Ciro's," after a number of film successes, has made rapid progress and is now one of the popular young actresses of the moment. She played Rosalind Rafferty, in "Sally," for some time, and left the cast to appear as Bobby Bates, in

"Eileen," at the Globe, which has now given place to "Belinda." Miss Thatcher wears a monocle on most occasions, but appears in tortoiseshell "goggles" when she plays golf. She is fond of all outdoor sports, and is a keen motorist, swimmer, and lawn-tennis player, but she is also fond of reading and is an expert needlewoman.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH" BY FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD, LTD.

The Most Famous Sporting Peer.



CARICATURED BY SEM: THE EARL OF LONSDALE AND THE INEVITABLE.

Our page shows the French caricaturist Sem's impression of our famous sporting peer, the Earl of Lonsdale, with his inevitable cigar. It was shown at the Grafton Galleries at the Twenty-eighth London Exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers. Lord Lonsdale, who is the fifth Earl, is the Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Cumberland, and Lord Warden of the West

Marches; Hon. Colonel of the 3rd Battalion of the Border Regiment, and Colonel of the Westmorland and Cumberland Imperial Yeomanry. His interest in all forms of sport is well known, and he is the late Master of the Cottesmore and a prominent member of the Jockey Club and the Royal Yacht Squadron. He owns some magnificent grouse moors, and has frequently entertained the King and other crowned heads.

FROM THE DRAWING BY SEM.

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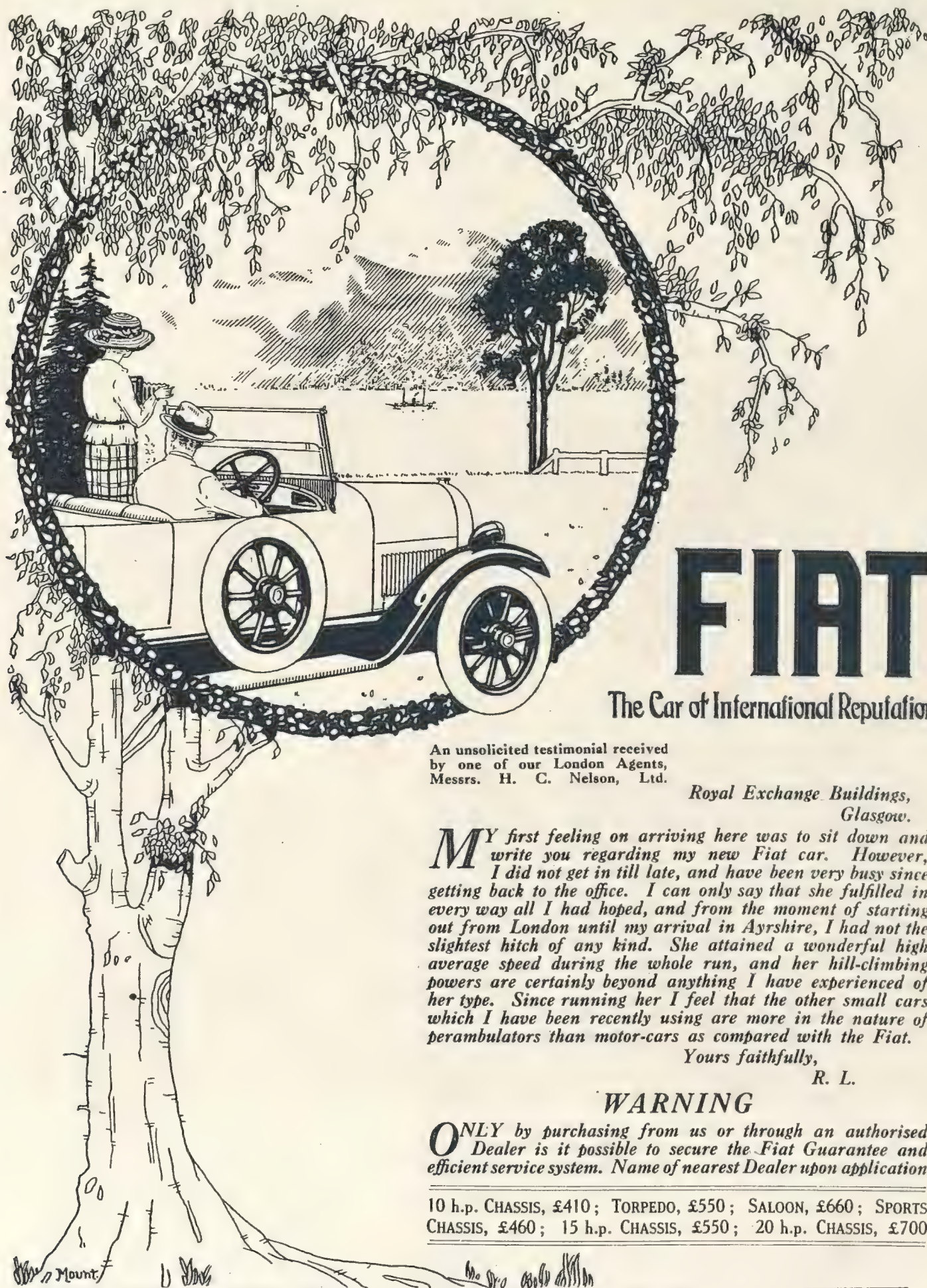
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R. L.

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Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.



Whispers from the U.S.A.

Like many another Englishman, I spent July 4 with my American friends in London, and a right good time too; but in between toasts and speeches they would talk motors, so I make no apologies for passing some of the items to a wider circle than our dinner table on that occasion. Of course, I was asked what I thought of "Old Man" Ford taking over the eight-cylinder V-type engined Lincoln car, of which a specimen arrived in England a week or so ago; and I was frank enough to express the view that it was not wanted here at any price, as U.S.A. cars of £1000 were unsaleable. So the subject changed to why International Motors, Ltd., of Brook Green—the biggest service depot for Ford cars—had suddenly changed over to concentrate on the sale of Dodge Brothers' motor-cars, of which some 700,000 had been sold during the past eight years. It was hazarded as a guess that as no Ford agent has the sole right of selling that product in any one district—which is customary in this country—they had chucked it for a firm that would give them these facilities, so we left it at that; but it was a startling change all the same. As a number of those present were going to the Grand Prix at Strasbourg, to be run on Saturday, and the Touring Grand Prix on the Sunday, the conversation naturally turned to the Indianapolis races lately run in the U.S.A. As the official number of persons that had paid to see that event was stated to be 150,000, you can guess how much greater interest is taken in motor races there than here. A mere seven or eight thousand folk gather together at Brooklands. Five hundred miles at a speed averaging 94.48 miles an hour is something to look at, for that was the pace of the winning Murphy Special, driven by Jimmy Murphy; and the first five cars averaged over 90 miles an hour, and the next five to finish, over 80 miles an hour. French roads, of course, cannot permit such a speed being averaged, though the Duesenberg cars which are running in the Grand Prix put up a speed of 93½ miles an hour at Indianapolis. But for the corners not being banked sufficiently, my American friends said that Murphy would have averaged over 100 miles an hour, though he easily lowered Ralph de Palma's record for that track of 89.84 m.p.h., made in 1915.

10,000-Miles Non-Stop Test.

Previous to this dinner on Independence Day, I had lunched with Mr. J. D. Siddeley at the Royal Automobile Club, to be present when Sir Julian Orde, on behalf of the Club, presented our host with the certificate of the wonderful performance of the 18-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley touring car that had covered in an R.A.C. observed trial 10,010½ miles in twenty-three days. Here

was something big to talk about, and, to do my U.S.A. pals justice, they considered it, as I did, "some trial." From May 18 to June 14 this six-cylinder 18-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley car had run day and night all over the six test routes of England, using less than a gallon of oil (actually 1300 miles to the gallon was the ratio), and with a petrol-consumption of 24.64 miles to the gallon. Of course, the speed had to be the average of 20 miles an hour, as the law demands, so the average figure was maintained at 19.9 miles per hour, which, though helpful to the wonderfully small oil-consumption, rather militated against the fuel figures, which might have been improved at faster going. All the same, they

which reduced three tyres to a mileage of 9773½, 9702½, and 9643½ (the fourth tyre did the whole distance of 10,010½ miles), the car showed it was very good on tyres; and the tyres themselves proved they were very good too. Only 1½ gallons less one ounce of water was added to the radiator, and the only mishap was the fracture of the near-side rear-wheel ball-race, due to a broken ball, but that was replaced on the road. The fuel used was a mixture of petrol and benzol, so I am wondering which fuel merchant will claim the

kudos of this excellent performance in his publicity programme. Coming as it does after the Gold Medal being won by the tiny air-cooled Stoneleigh car in the Scottish Trials, and the passing by the Air Ministry of the aero radial engine "Jaguar" of 350-h.p., which has just come through its official fifty-hours non-stop test and passed in regard to its weight and horse-power developed, the Armstrong-Siddeley works had reason to feel bucked up, as they were, and congratulations have been very well deserved. John Bull is not dead yet in the world of motors, as some folk imagine—in fact, as Mr. Siddeley stated, it is now a staple industry, though, of course, like others, it has made its mistakes before arriving there. Anyway, the future seems bright after these incontrovertible tests of fitness by the Armstrong-Siddeley products in motors.

Leyland Eight Evidently Breaks Records. the Leyland eight-cylinder

car has taken a fancy to the Brooklands track, despite its touring as against full racing trim, as the other day it started out and lowered no fewer than six records for the half-mile, kilometre, mile, two, five, and ten miles at speeds varying from 112.5 m.p.h. for the half-mile to 105.62 for the ten miles, which fairly astonished the spectators who witnessed this excellent performance. When a respectable touring carriage takes to hopping it like this, it is a sure sign that the passengers in its comfortable limousine seats desire speed on their journeys, so evidently the market signs trend this way. But what

reminded me of this exploit was meeting the new Leyland record, the small Trojan car, on the road recently. This has a 10-h.p. two-stroke engine, epicyclic gears, mechanical starter, solid tyres, and a patent sort of springing that really everybody ought to try blindfold and then be made to guess what sort of tyres are fitted. Most people would say "Same as usual, pneumatics"; and they would be right and yet wrong, for it is the same feeling on ordinary roads, yet solid are the rubber wheel covers. I think this Trojan car and the new Vauxhall are the novelties of the past week in motors.



HOW SOLDIER JONES STRENGTHENED HIS NECK AND SHOULDER MUSCLES BEFORE MEETING GEORGE COOK LAST MONDAY: THE STEEL COLLAR AND WEIGHT.

Before meeting George Cook, the Australian, last Monday at the Holland Park Hall, Soldier Jones went through some novel training. Our snapshot shows him with his steel collar and 56-lb. weight for strengthening his neck and shoulder muscles.

Photograph by I.B.

were extremely good for a car of that size and horse-power. At the end of its road distance this Armstrong-Siddeley was taken on to Brooklands, and on the flying half-mile put up a speed of 56.18 miles an hour without any changes or adjustments of carburettor or other parts. Moreover, the car seemed to run better, if possible, after its long 10,000-miles non-stop run than when it started, as if it liked it, and an inspection of the vehicle at Old Bond Street showed that the tyres were equal to many, many more miles still. Beyond three punctures on the same day,



Plays — Without Prejudice.



ON CONCERTS AND THE ALBERT HALL.

Plays and Players. No. Strictly speaking, you are quite right. Concerts are not, by any stretch of the reader's imagination—or even of the possibly more elastic variety served out to writers—properly described as plays. Except, of course, that people play there.

The Garde Républicaine.

We loved them from the first. Even though we were a little ruffled and blown on arriving under the dome from having lost each other (yes, there *were* two of us, and you can make what use you like of the information) in the colossal queue which gyrated slowly round the Albert Hall, and even impinged on the steps of the Albert Memorial in its loyal anxiety to catch a glimpse of its grandson. It was such a treat, to start off with, to see the Albert Hall really full. Packed with people. Rows of them. All ready to drop out of the galleries on to the massed heads below.

Royal Commands.

Then there was an admirably crowded Royal Box. A military concert by the best military band in Europe—not counting the Boy Scouts—is an Occasion. And as it was a Franco-British Occasion, all the authorities of both countries were there in force. We heard the National Anthems of both countries (one played and the other sung), and it reminded us all a little of those patriotic concerts in the more crowded, unhappier years of the war, when we all used to be kept standing whilst a nervous bandmaster conducted his bucking team through the Anthems of all the Allies—including most of the South American Republics and several more States whose Anthems had only just been sent home by the composer.

Martial Sounds.

The rest of the programme was admirably fitted for the enjoyment of a large audience. There was some Charpentier, to remind us how much we had all enjoyed "Louise" a few nights before. And a Russian overture as a concession to those of us for whom no programme is complete unless it contains a reminiscence of Moscow. Not to mention "L'Apprenti Sorcier" with a graceful hint of Debussy and discord. But the real *clou* of the performance was the conductor's own British Army March to a text composed by the German Emperor himself—the Contemptible Little Army. The drums all banged, and the brass all roared, and the wood wind appeared, from what one could see of it, to be wood-winding. And it was nearly as good as the Military Tournament.

Real Music.

But there was some music as well. Because the programme set a trap for our musical memories, and promised some "Henry VIII." Just as we were all humming Edward German down each other's backs, it turned out to be, as was fitting, by Saint-Saëns, and quite, quite different. Including some admirable imitations of the national music, as they persist in calling it, of Scotland, which tempted one to inquire desperately what and when was the connection between the expansive monarch and the Northerners. But there was an uncommonly charming Spanish dance introduced as the "Danse de la Gipsy."

Places Where They Sing.

And it was all rounded off by M. Jean Vallier, who sang "Les voyez vous" with a vigour reminiscent of war-time programmes. It is no mean undertaking to sing to the accompaniment of the Garde Républicaine—all of them. Because they have an awkward way of coming in with three or four drums and a handful of cornets, which is apt to leave you inaudibly opening and shutting your mouth. Like the ladies in the back row of the chorus. Not so M. Vallier. He gallantly bore them down, and his voice came through in that sweeping military song which was excellently selected for a sweeping military occasion.

Popular Performances.

And so, just for once in a way, we managed to enjoy a concert. All of us. The pleasure was not confined, as it so often is on more select occasions, to the performers' Aunts. Because concerts, as the term is understood in London, are a shade gruesome as a form of entertainment. Or subdued, shall we say?

The Sadness of Concerts.

You know the familiar atmosphere—the discreet lights, the people in water-proofs, the damp umbrella of the yearning lady behind which gets under your seat (and into your hat), and then the mild, sad business of the programme itself. But there was none of that at the Albert Hall when the excellent musicians of that odd police force the Garde Républicaine played to us all. And that is why it is commemorated out of its strict place, among the plays.



THE WEDDING OF A STAGE FAVOURITE: MISS LILY ST. JOHN AND HER HUSBAND, MR. RAYMOND POLLAK.

The marriage of Miss Lily St. John, the musical-comedy favourite, to Mr. Raymond Pollak took place at Prince's Row Register Office last week. Miss St. John left the cast of "Whirled into Happiness" on account of her marriage.—[Photograph by G.P.U.]

And if it says plays at the top of this page, it ought to *be* plays, oughtn't it? But perhaps you will let it pass for just this once. Because the occasion was rather exceptional. And it was (wasn't it?) as good as a play at the Albert Hall that time.

The Night of the Party.

Not that remarkable Wednesday evening at the Albert Hall when they all dressed up as their own ancestors, and the people who hadn't got any just dressed up as someone else's. Although that was as good as a play too. And a little better. Especially the group in which . . . oh, well, but you must have noticed it yourself, and it is probably libellous to say anything about it, anyway. But some of them *would* have surprised the Lord Chamberlain of King George IV., wouldn't they?

Sunday Afternoon.

What one had in mind was not quite that distant and faded occasion. But something far more recent. And almost as brilliant, even though Sir . . . *there*, we nearly said it, didn't we? But I suppose there must have been Nickel Companies in 1830, and there must have been a Lord Chamberlain, anyway. Tearing oneself, however, quite firmly away from the alluring prospect of writing about fancy dress balls, one would like to place on record perfectly simply the admirable concert of the Garde Républicaine.



WINNERS OF THE TEAM RACE AGAINST THE LADIES OF DALY'S: THE LONDON HIPPODROME LADIES' TEAM.

The Chiswick open air baths were the scene of a match between the Daly's Ladies' Swimming Club team and the London Hippodrome Ladies. Our photograph shows the victorious Hippodrome side, with Miss Phyllis Austen, the vice-captain, on the extreme right. The prizes were presented by Mr. Harry Welchman.—[Photograph by C.N.]



Photo. by
Bassano.

The Triumph of the Eugène Permanent Wave



The triumph of the *new Eugène method* of Permanent Waving is reflected by its increased popularity amongst women everywhere—a result due solely to the inventions of M. Eugène himself; inventions that enable any woman to have beautiful, permanently waved hair that is indistinguishable from natural waves.

The above photograph is typical of the remarkable results achieved by the new Eugène method—the silky flow, life and radiance; the entire absence of all ugly frizz or “mechanical” set—show you just what beautiful results the *right process* can achieve.

This new process is fully guaranteed not to injure the hair in any way. The waves are quite permanent, only the new growth needs treatment after six months or so.

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JESTER**
Made in Glacé
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Calf.

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**THE TWO-
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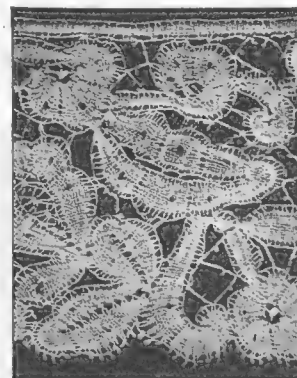
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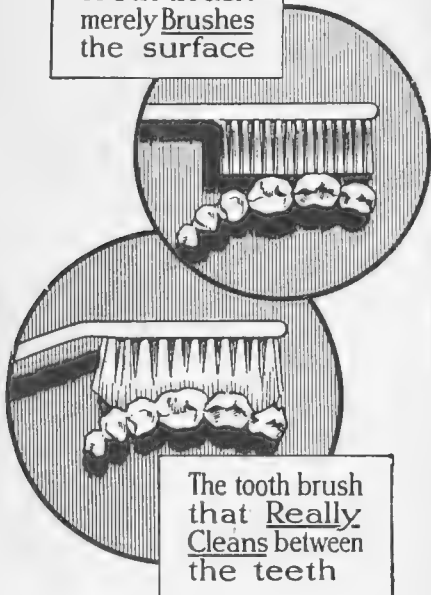
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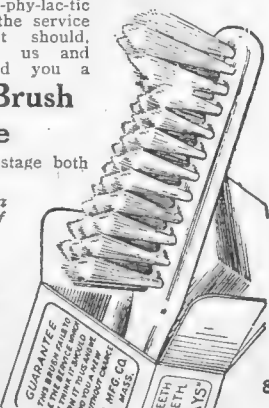
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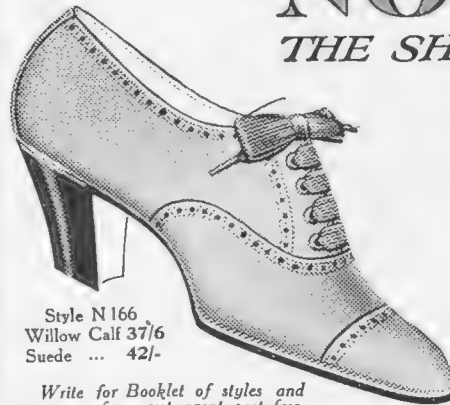
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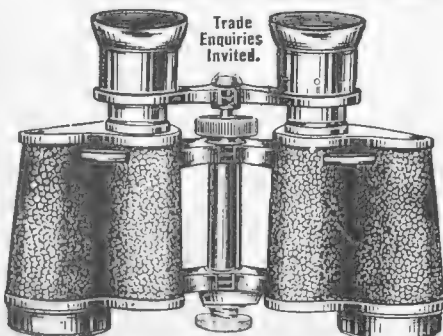
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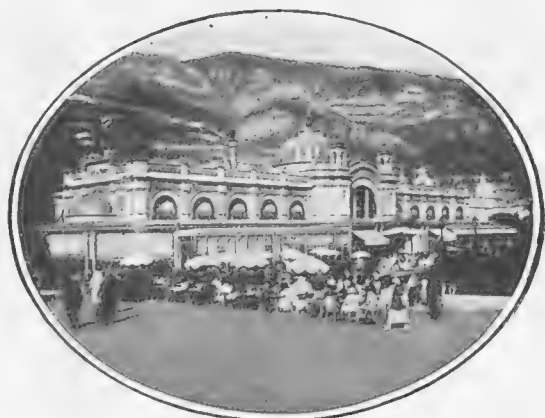
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art of producing Natural Transformations.

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THE holiday spirit has got into our elves and gnomes. They are delighted to be celebrating the Prince's return with a box of FRY'S Prince of Wales Chocolates.

Some have tasted the delicious flavourings; others have marvelled at the smoothness of the chocolate coverings; and the rest, as you see, have regarded the dainty box itself as a token of their appreciation.

You will be delighted with these confections. Buy a box at your nearest confectioner's to-day.

4'6 per 1-lb.

2'6 per ½-lb.

Remember—It must be FRY'S

FREE

Get the children FRY'S new coloured picture book—showing more of these Elves and Gnomes—free from Fry & Sons, Ltd., 4-9, Union Street, Bristol.



What could be more suitable for the sportswoman than this becoming hat of silvering tweed sketched at Burberrys'?

Wraps for Goodwood.

Now that Goodwood is close at hand the face of the sky is scrutinised daily for fair-weather omens by the anxious possessor of various fragile creations suitable for wear in the sylvan glades and beautiful surroundings for which Goodwood is famous. It is to be hoped that these frocks will have an opportunity of appearing under more favourable climatic conditions than those



Brown suède is the material chosen by Burberrys' for this delightful sports coat.

WOMAN'S WAYS

By
MABEL HOWARD

which prevailed during Ascot Week. The warning of Ascot Week will not be neglected, however, and every delicate frock will be escorted by a protective wrap. This in itself should be enough to ensure fine weather. In nearly every case these wraps will be garnished with fur. Happy will be the wearer of a full-length cloak composed of broad bands of cunningly interwoven rubbered ribbon, and finished with collar and cuffs of soft chinchilla baby-rabbit. She will know that not only is she the exponent of the great *couturiers'* last word on the subject of wraps, but also that she is independent of the weather, for rubbered ribbon is quite shower-proof.

Furs on the Racecourse.

An important feature of many of the wraps will be the long fur cuff, which stretches from the wrist to the elbow, and adds a note of distinction to even the simplest wrap by the novel, muff-like appearance it produces. In some cases the fur may be arranged in thin, equally spaced strips encircling the arm, in order to avoid the rather heavy effect of an unbroken length of fur on the sleeve. For this purpose the long, silky grey hair of the flying fox is particularly suitable; and as a trimming for a coat of suède cloth this new and delightful fur leaves nothing to be desired. Monkey-fur reigns supreme if it be a question of a fringe for the hem of a short or three-quarter-length coat. It is particularly charming used in conjunction with satin, as the shining hair harmonises excellently with the sheen of the material. With a short sleeveless wrap of crêpe marocain a pleasing effect can be obtained by the addition of a fringe of monkey-fur round the slit through which the arms are passed.

Good News for Sportswomen.

No material can vie with tweed in the favour of sportswomen. The one drawback to it has always been its considerable weight, and even this difficulty has now been solved by Burberrys', of the Haymarket, who have just evolved the silvering tweed, a flexible material with all the serviceable qualities of ordinary tweed and the added recommendation of extreme lightness. Silvering tweed makes the charming hat illustrated on this page, with upturned stitched brim and feather mount of Indian pheasant and kingfisher plumes, the vivid colours of which form a delightful contrast to the more sober hues of the hat. From Burberrys', too, comes the costume of silvering tweed especially designed for the golf-course. Fitting easily to the figure, it is cut in such a way as to allow the arms full swing—a quality to be appreciated by every fair golfer who knows the value of unhampered movements. Another attractive adjunct to the sportswoman's wardrobe is the short, full coat of rust-brown suède. It is lined with Armada silk, a supple,

hand-woven material with the excellent attribute of being shower-proof.

Modes of Other Years.

For the student of the costume of past ages it is hardly necessary at the present time to visit museums or to study historical works on dress in order to gain some idea of what was worn by the leaders of fashion many years ago. A visit to several of the fashionable salons would seem to be sufficient. Never before have there been so many rejuvenated modes of bygone days as there are to-day: Stuart bodices, Velasquez flounces, sampler-work embroidery, Marie Antoinette fichus, and now, for evening wear, the Victorian corsage, with its severely simple lines and low-cut shoulders. Since fashion has autocratically decreed that long sleeves should be worn this year on practically all occasions, the woman with beautiful arms and shoulders has perforce allowed these charms



Oliver Heerdegen

A well-cut, 'serviceable costume from Burberrys' which will appeal to every sportswoman.

to languish unseen. For her the Victorian bodice, carried out in taffetas and used as the complement of a full-draped skirt, will be an excellent means of obeying the latest decree of fashion without hiding her greatest attraction. It is strange to reflect that a dress similar to many thrown away this year as too out-of-date may create a new fashion when worn by a Society beauty three hundred years hence.

[Continued overleaf].

ROWE'S

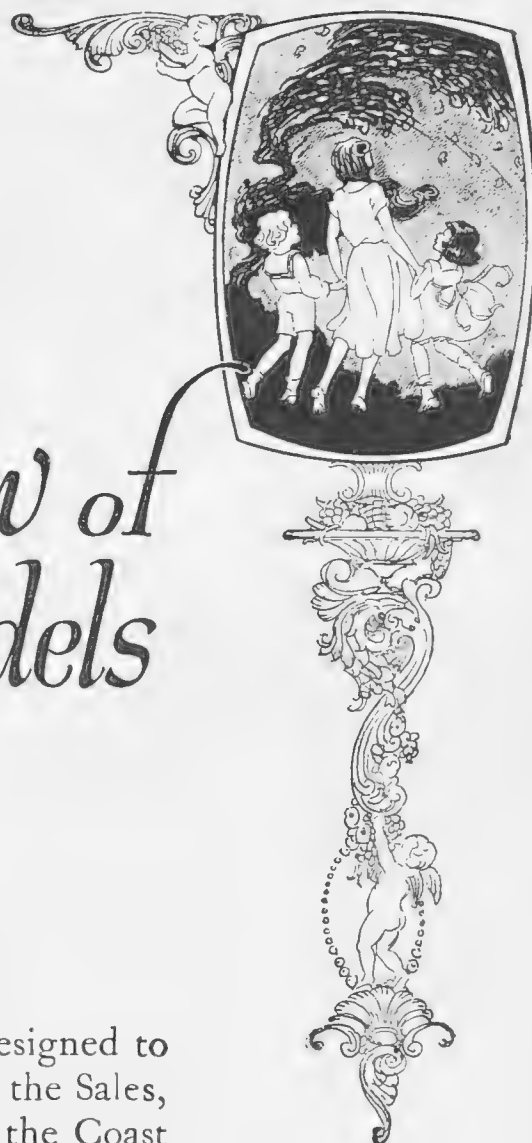
Early Autumn Show of Children's Winter Models in all departments during this month.

THIS EARLY SHOW is designed to enable visitors to London for the Sales, and those about to leave for the Coast and Holiday Resorts, to anticipate their requirements in Children's Tailored Models, in a quiet restful atmosphere with the personal attention characteristic of Rowe Service.

Our designers have produced many beautiful models for the coming season, and share our hope that you will honour their productions by a visit of inspection—without the least obligation to purchase.

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BOYS & GIRLS TAILORS AND COMPLETE SCHOOL OUTFITTERS
105-106, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
and at GOSPORT



WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Goffered Taffetas and Tricotine.

Pleating, a method of ornamentation beloved by our grandmothers, has taken on a new lease of life in the hands of present-day dress-designers, and has become more popular than ever. An effective and unusual form has been utilised by Redfern, Conduit Street, to give an added distinction to the charming frock of navy-blue taffetas illustrated on this page. The straight-line effect of accordion pleating has been avoided by the judicious use of goffering with which to ornament the panels of the skirt, the long, bell-shaped sleeves (which widen as they approach the wrist), and the delightful little parasol, also composed of taffetas and sewn with little blue beads, which accompanies the frock. The advantage of goffering over accordion pleating is not only that the former is softer in appearance, but also that it is far less easy to crush out of shape. White

the race-course, including a white frock with a satin foundation over which is draped a novel form of lace, composed of blended silk and wool. This, falling in a point on the left-hand side, is bordered on the right by a wide band of white georgette. The graceful angel sleeves of the same material are slit down from the elbows and fall back to reveal the forearm. Of georgette, too, is the square yoke at the back from which depends a straight panel of lace, the whole completed by a pretty georgette sash tied over the right hip. A harmony of black and grey is achieved by another lovely frock in which a sheath of grey lace is imposed on a foundation of black satin. Crossing demurely in front to form the simple bodice, it is gathered in at the low waist-line by a striking girdle of small steel clasps connected by strands of jet, from which it falls in graceful folds to a little below the edge of the black satin underskirt.

assume an attractive nut-brown colour under the attentions of the sun, and nothing is more unbecoming to the fair wielder of the tennis racket than a peeling nose or the unsightly discoloration of the skin due to sunburn. It is really quite unnecessary to permit the sun to levy such a toll on the complexion, for Lait Larola, the fragrant toilet milk especially prepared for delicate skins, can remove, as if by magic, irritation, redness, and all other injuries inflicted by King Sol. A daily application of this pleasant toilet preparation will preserve the freshness of the complexion under the most trying conditions, and those who intend a sojourn by the sea must include a bottle of Beetham's Lait Larola among their toilet accessories, as a means of combating the devastating alliance of sunlight and salt water. It can be obtained at 1s. 6d. a bottle from all chemists.



Grey tricotine is the material from which Redfern's, Conduit Street, have evolved this charming costume.

organdie is employed for the collar, the waistcoat slip, and the little frills peeping out from inside the cuffs, while the wide, straight stole, with a captivating little pocket at each end, is composed of sable squirrel. Soft grey tricotine is the material chosen for a Redfern costume in which the most noticeable feature is the creator's novel idea of gathering the collar into the revers. Cross-way bands of the same tricotine are used to ornament coat, skirt, and sleeves, ending in loops which just overhang the edge of the hem in each position. An alleviating touch of brighter colour is added by the tan silk sunshade with a carved wooden handle ornamented with red flowers.

An Alliance of Satin and Lace. All seeking inspiration as to what they will wear at Goodwood must pay a visit to Redfern's. In their beautiful salons is a wide selection of creations designed for

Bargains in Linen.

No woman who appreciates the value of beautiful household linen should fail to take advantage of the wonderful opportunity offered her by Robinson and Cleaver, Belfast, of replenishing her stock at exceptionally moderate prices. Nothing is more effective as a foil to fine silver, glass, and cutlery than tablecloths of beautiful Irish linen, and during the July sale these may be obtained at prices ranging from 16s. 10d. for a real Irish linen damask cloth, 9 ft. by 6 ft., to a pleasant 5s. for a 36 in. square cloth of the same delightful fabric. As a perfect finish to a carefully planned toilette, a hand-embroidered handkerchief of real Irish linen is indispensable, and 7s. 11d. is surely a modest sum to exchange for a dozen; while for those who prefer the initial only, or a corner of finest drawn-thread work, 14s. and 14s. 3d. respectively will be the prices named. Linen of all sorts may be obtained at striking reductions, besides many excellent bargains in coarser household

linens; and the delivery at the customer's address of all goods ordered by post is guaranteed by the firm. A catalogue will be sent on application.

An Excellent Toilet Preparation.

Now that the tennis season is in full swing, many enthusiastic players have already cause to bemoan the disastrous effect on their complexions of continual exposure to the sun during strenuous and hard-fought games. Not everyone is so fortunate as to

An Ingenious Wardrobe Device.

Few women could be tempted into an expression of admiration for the hanging arrangements of the average wardrobe. As a rule these seem expressly designed to give the minimum of accessibility with the maximum waste of space. Everyone knows how difficult it is to reach the garment desired without crushing or removing everything in its vicinity, and the value of Watts' Patent Wardrobe Fitting is therefore self-evident. This fitting consists of strong, heavily nickel-plated steel rods, one of which is fixed to the ceiling of the wardrobe, while the other slides on roller bearings. Each garment can then be hung on a separate hanger, and the hangers are hooked on to the bottom sliding rod. The fitting can be obtained for 12s. 6d. from John Watts, Lambeth Works, Sheffield, and in ordering, it is only necessary to state the inside back-to-front measurement of the wardrobe so that the correct size may be sent.

(Continued overleaf.)



This attractive frock of navy-blue taffetas and white organdie comes from Redfern's, Conduit Street.



Make This Free Test

The coupon will bring you a 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent. Get it and see the change that comes—the whiter, cleaner, better teeth.

The test will be delightful, the results a revelation. Then you will know how all the family can better care for teeth.

Twice Daily

Teeth need these five effects

In ten days, if you make this test, you will see great changes in your teeth. Some will appear at once.

They come from five effects, which are considered essential. See and feel them—watch your teeth improve. Then you will always want your teeth kept in that new condition.

Watch them whiten

You will see prettier teeth, for one thing. That is due to film removal—the film that makes teeth dingy.

Now you feel on your teeth a viscous coat called film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays there. The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. So well-brushed teeth as millions know, discolour and decay. Very few people have escaped some effects of film.

What film does

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

Dental science, after diligent research, has found two ways to fight film. Able authorities

have amply proved them. Now leading dentists, half the world over, advise their daily use.

Pepsodent embodies those two methods. That is one great reason for its good effects.

Three other results

But modern diet, rich in starch, makes other things essential. Without them, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

So Pepsodent also stimulates the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer of acids which may cause decay.

Thus every application brings five unique effects. And modern authorities, after convincing tests, urge all of them twice daily. To millions of people they have brought a new conception of clean teeth.

What happens in the night

Now you go to sleep with film on your teeth or between them. Or with starch deposits which may ferment and form acid. And all night long those factors may be affecting the teeth.

See and feel the difference when Pepsodent is used. The results will surprise and delight you.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Learn the effects on starch deposits and acids.



The test will prove a revelation. In ten days, judge this new-day method by what you see and feel and know. Decide for yourself what is best. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent MARK
TRADE

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, the application of which brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

S. African distributors: Verrinder, Ltd., P.O. Box 6824 Johannesburg, to whom S.A. readers may send coupon.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
(Dept., 128.,) 40, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name

Address

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

Sketch, 12/7/22

WOMAN'S WAYS.

(Continued.)

An Artist's Home.

The historic studio in Millais House, where John Millais painted and Dickens and Thackeray foregathered, offers an ideal atmosphere for the creating of pictures to-day. One wonders whether this does not imperceptibly influence both subject and artist and in great measure contribute to the

does treasures of all periods and all lands. Persian chests, old Dutch and Napoleonic writing-tables, a carved oak Bible box of early English design, Russian and Japanese cabinets—these are a few of the outstanding features of the room, while tucked away in odd corners the delighted visitor will come on an old Italian guitar, or a genuine etching by Rembrandt. There is something to appeal to every temperament in the studio,

offer its visitors besides the pure and bracing qualities of its air. The neighbouring golf-links are the finest in Northern France, while excellent trout fishing can be enjoyed by the enthusiastic angler in the immediate vicinity of the town. There is, of course, the magnificent harbour for yachts, where international regattas take place in July and August; and during the latter month, too, occurs the annual ten days' race-meeting





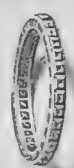
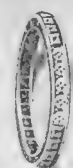



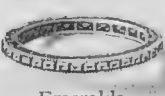

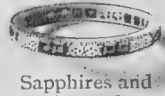

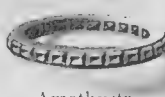
AT A WORLD-FAMOUS HOLIDAY RESORT: THE CASTLE, DIEPPE.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

success of Mr. E. O. Hoppé's photographic portraiture. It will be admitted by all who have seen this artist's work that in his skilled hands the camera is able to catch a glimpse of the spirit behind the face, rendering visible the inward beauty of the personality as well as the more superficial loveliness of feature. Mr. Hoppé's studio might almost be called a miniature museum of art, containing as it

yet the atmosphere is harmonious and serene, for brooding over all is a benign white porcelain statuette of the Chinese god of happiness.

The Hotel Royal, Dieppe. As a health-resort, the picturesque little town of Dieppe is certainly unrivalled, and it has an advantage over many such places in that it has other attractions to

The Hotel Royal, situated facing the sea, is one of the most perfect of modern seaside hotels, and commands an extensive view of the beautiful Normandy coast. The Casino, within fifty yards of the Hotel, is the largest establishment of its kind on the French coast, and contains, besides a club-room for baccarat, to which ladies are admitted, a magnificent concert-hall and ball-room.

 <p>Diamonds. £20 0 0</p>	 <p>Diamonds. £25 0 0</p>	 <p>Rubies. £16 10 0</p>	 <p>Rubies and Diamonds. £25 0 0</p>	 <p>Diamonds. £30 0 0</p>
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ASHTON & MITCHELL, WEBSTER & GIRLING, and all Ticket Offices

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One Ballot Ticket FREE
with either of articles below

**'VALET' AUTO-STROP
SAFETY RAZOR**



Identical to that advertised and sold at one guinea at the leading stores. Self-stropping, silver-plated razor, complete with 12 blades and strop; the highest class Safety Razor made.

PRICE
£1:1:0

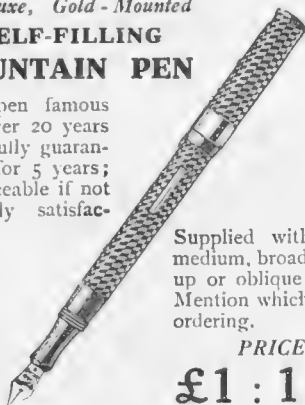
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FOUNTAIN PEN**

The pen famous for over 20 years and fully guaranteed for 5 years; replaceable if not entirely satisfactory.



Supplied with fine, medium, broad, turn-up or oblique point. Mention which when ordering.

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Name

Address

Dept. K

THE ETON AND HARROW ELEVENS.

(See Photographs on Pages 58 and 59.)

OF the Eton players, G. K. Cox (captain) is a strong right-handed batsman and bowler who has shown himself to be a capable captain. He did well in the second innings at Lord's last year.

E. W. Dawson is a sound right-handed batsman of the slow and sure order. A useful field. He did not play last year.

M. R. Bridgeman is a fast-medium right-hand bowler and a fairly good field. He played last year and has much improved.

Lord Dunglass is a very useful all-rounder. He made 30 and 4 last year, and is a useful change bowler and a good field.

N. R. Barrett promises well as a slow leg-break bowler. Did not play last year.

G. S. Incedon-Webber is a useful all-rounder who did not play last year. A good field.

J. E. Hurley did not play last year. He does not bowl, but is a good bat and field.

R. G. M. Kennerley-Rumford is a very good fieldsman and a promising batsman who can hit. He did not play last year.

F. G. B. Arkwright did not play last year. He is a good bat and field.

N. Llewelyn-Davies is a fine wicket-keeper and a good forcing batsman. He did not play last year.

W. P. Thursby did not play last year. He is a good bat and field.

S. E. Vivian-Smith is a fast erratic bowler who may not get into the XI. this year.

Of the Harrow players, R. H. Baucher (captain) is a good bat and an excellent field. He played last year and in 1920, and has done well this.

I. G. Collins is a good, steady batsman who used to bowl slow leg-breaks. He played in 1920 and 1921, and has come on greatly as a batsman.

H. J. Enthoven bowled splendidly last year—6 for 56 and 2 for 24—and played in 1920. He is a much better bowler this year, and not at all a bad batsman.

L. G. Crawley made 1 and 103 last year, and is an improved player this year. He played in 1920 also, and is a fine field.

H. F. Bagnall, who played well in 1921, has played with success for Northants, and is a much better batsman this year than last. A good field.

P. H. Stewart-Brown is a splendid wicket-keeper-batsman who played well last year, and has improved since.

C. S. Crawley played last year and has made normal improvement. A good field.

K. E. Crawley is a new colour, and a very promising and sturdy player.

W. E. Anderson is a fine right-handed bowler who, with Enthoven, has shared the bowling honours this season. This pair has taken about 95 per cent. of the wickets.

F. O. G. Lloyd is a slow left-handed bowler and a brilliant fieldsman. He played last year.

M. Powell is a promising fast right-hand bowler who can bat a bit. His inclusion strengthens the XI. at its only weak point, which was the need for a third bowler should Anderson or Enthoven fail.

LEADING LADY.—(Continued from page 68.)

her laugh was low and gay and triumphant. "And they lived happy ever after, Jimmy, and—here we are!"

Jimmy Powers stood up.

"So Mackay gave up his part this evening just to please you?"

Too late Lesley realised that Jimmy was beginning again—had, indeed, begun—was, in fact, almost finished.

"Don't be a goose, Jimmy boy; he . . ."

"You must have a lot of influence," persisted Jimmy, deathly white, and only just hanging on to his self-control. "But then, a Leading Lady is bound to have a great influence . . ."

Two minutes later he was shouting; a minute after that, he had smashed a chair and a mirror. With one parting hoarse, strangled, furious, snarly exclamation of "Jealous? I'm not jealous! You can keep your Mackay!" he rushed out of the hotel, and back to his very inferior diggings.

The next night Act III. was played as originally conceived by the dramatist. Half-way through the butler entered with the tea equipage, also as before, except that Jimmy's awful dignity had even slightly increased.

THE END.

The *Polo Monthly* is responsible for an extremely well arranged publication, "International Polo Records, England v. America, 1886-1921," which has just made its appearance. It is beautifully illustrated, and contains the complete history of the struggles for polo supremacy and the changing balance of power between England and America. Anyone interested in polo should make a point of obtaining it.

SOME "DON'TS" for smokers

HERE and there you may meet smokers who take from a cigarette the full pleasure that it has to give them. Their advantage is in the observance of a few easily remembered "Don'ts"—

Don't smoke too much

Your palate becomes coarsened and unresponsive to the delicate appeal of cigarettes if it is soaked in them and overwhelmed.

Don't smoke at wrong times

For example, between the courses of a meal is a "wrong time," because the palate is confused by the various flavours and therefore unable to appreciate good tobacco.

Don't smoke too quickly.

The too rapid combustion of a cigarette robs you of its flavour.

Don't be afraid to inhale

If you smoke good cigarettes inhaling is not harmful.

Don't light your cigarette indiscriminately

The flavour of a cigarette that has been lighted by any medium which burns with a distinct odour is inevitably spoiled.

Whenever you smoke, remember these simple "Don'ts," and you will be surprised how much better you will enjoy your cigarettes. And *always* smoke good cigarettes.

J. MILLHOFF



TENOR
The TURKISH Cigarette with the PRE-WAR quality. In boxes of 10's, 25's, 50's and 100's.

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The VIRGINIA Cigarette with the TENOR reputation. In boxes of 10's, 25's, 50's and 100's.

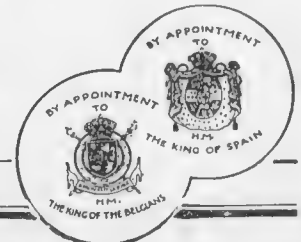
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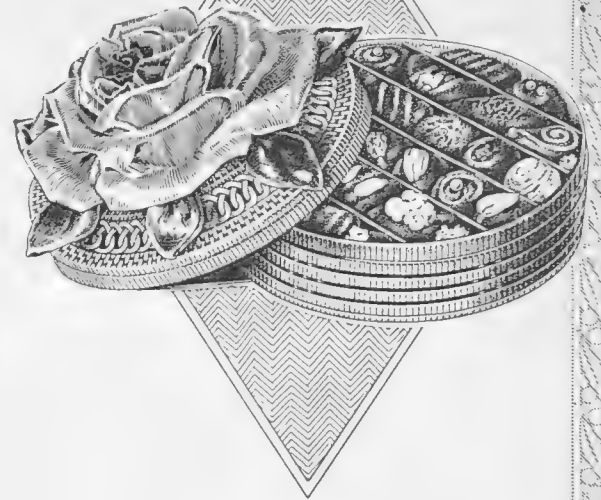


Maison Lyons Chocolates

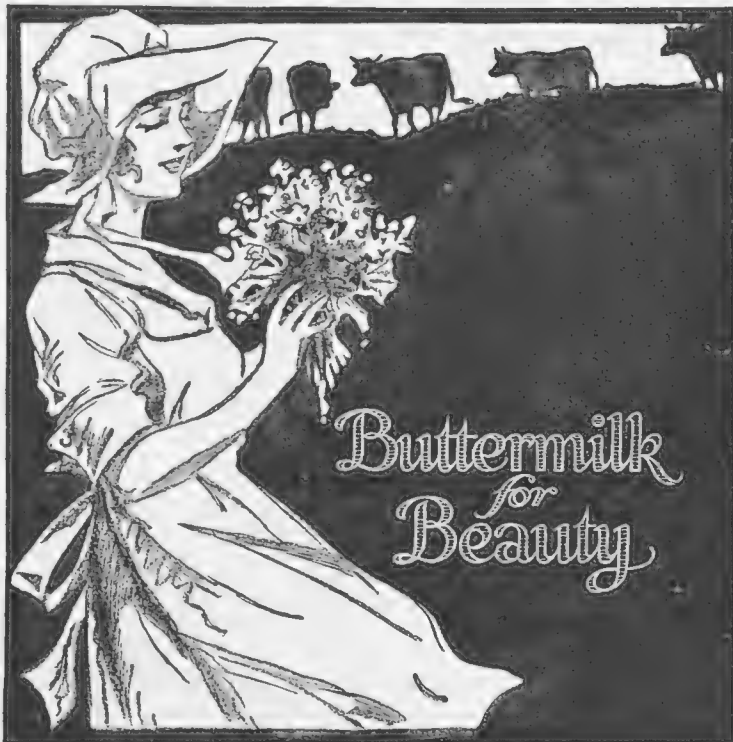
THE connoisseur unhesitatingly gives Maison Lyons Chocolates pride of place. They have secured their favour with the lover of really good chocolates by the velvety smoothness of their covering, the attractive variety of their centres, and the daintiness of their decoration. 4/- lb.

SOLD IN THE SALONS AT MAISON LYONS, 370, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.; LYONS' CORNER HOUSE; STRAND CORNER HOUSE; MAISON LYONS, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, and 211, REGENT STREET; and from MOST HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERS, THEATRES AND CINEMAS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

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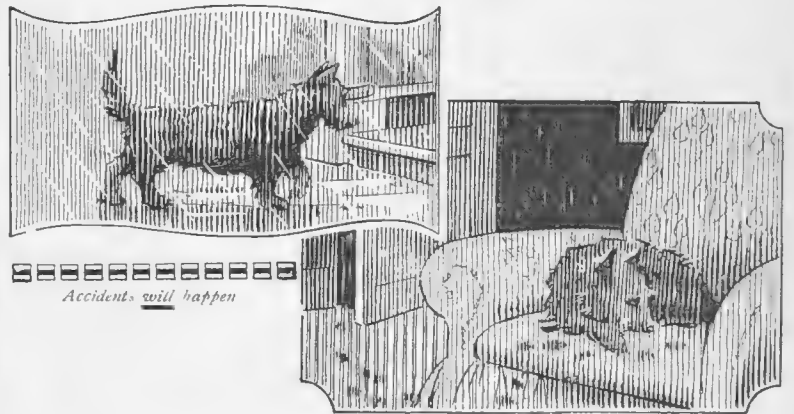
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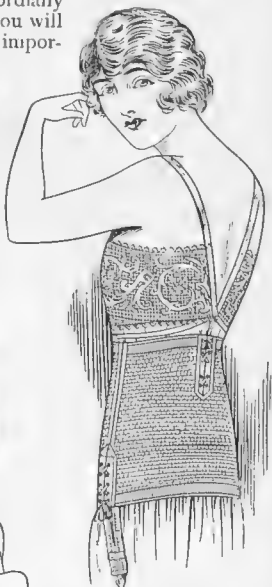
The Sale continues daily to July 15th, so as to enable everyone to take the fullest advantage of the many bargains of our usual High Grade Merchandise. This is a special opportunity to make provision for your Holiday Needs.

The advantages of the spacious Showrooms in our New Building have certainly justified themselves during the first week of the Sale, for although there has been an enormous increase of customers, everyone could thoroughly inspect the Bargains on offer without the least discomfort.

This week we shall surpass last week's offers, and if you have not yet paid a visit of inspection, we cordially invite you to do so now; you will not in the slightest way be importuned to buy.



Bust Bodice, Type 452. A dainty Bust Bodice made of strong imitation Filet Lace, cross-over at back. Depth in front, 8 ins. Ribbon shoulder straps. Sizes 32 to 42 inches.
Sale Price, 5/9 each.



Post Orders receive careful attention and will be executed in rotation.

The Spécialité Corset, Type 375. Of Cotton Tricot with elastic round top, lightly boned. In White or Pink. Sizes 22 to 26 inches.
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S.H./D. 112. — Nightdress (as sketch) of Cream Nun's Veiling, with V-shape neck and Magyar sleeves, finished hemstitching.

Sale Price, 15/9 each.

WOVEN UNDERWEAR

S.H./D. 226. — Anglo-Indian Gauze Silk Merino Combinations. Low neck, no sleeves, edged Silk Lace. Kilt legs.

Usual Prices, each —
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Sale Prices, each —
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Also in opera top, edged Silk Lace. Ribbon shoulder straps. Kilt legs.

Usual Prices, each —
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15/6 15/6 17/6

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S.H./D. 93. — Cambric Camisole. hand-made, trimmed imitation Torchon insertions and lace, finished embroidery beading at neck and waist, threaded with ribbon.

Sale Price, 6/9 each.

S.H./D. 91. — Wool-back Satin Wrapper (as sketch), Magyar style with long rever, finished with belt. Colours: Pink, Sky, Saxe, Rose, Helio, Purple or Black.

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S.H./D. 100. — Petticoat of soft Taffeta, finished at foot with accordion-pleated flounce, elastic at waist. Colours: Purple, Saxe, Nigger, Grey or Black.

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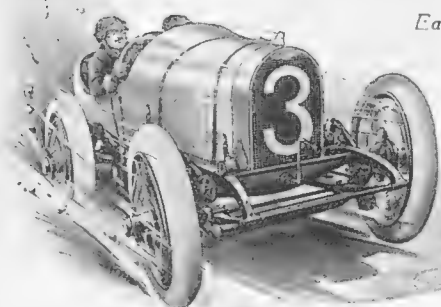
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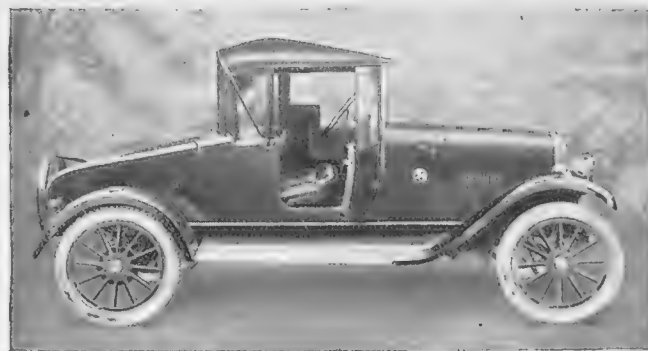
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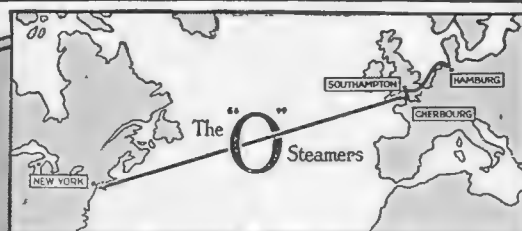
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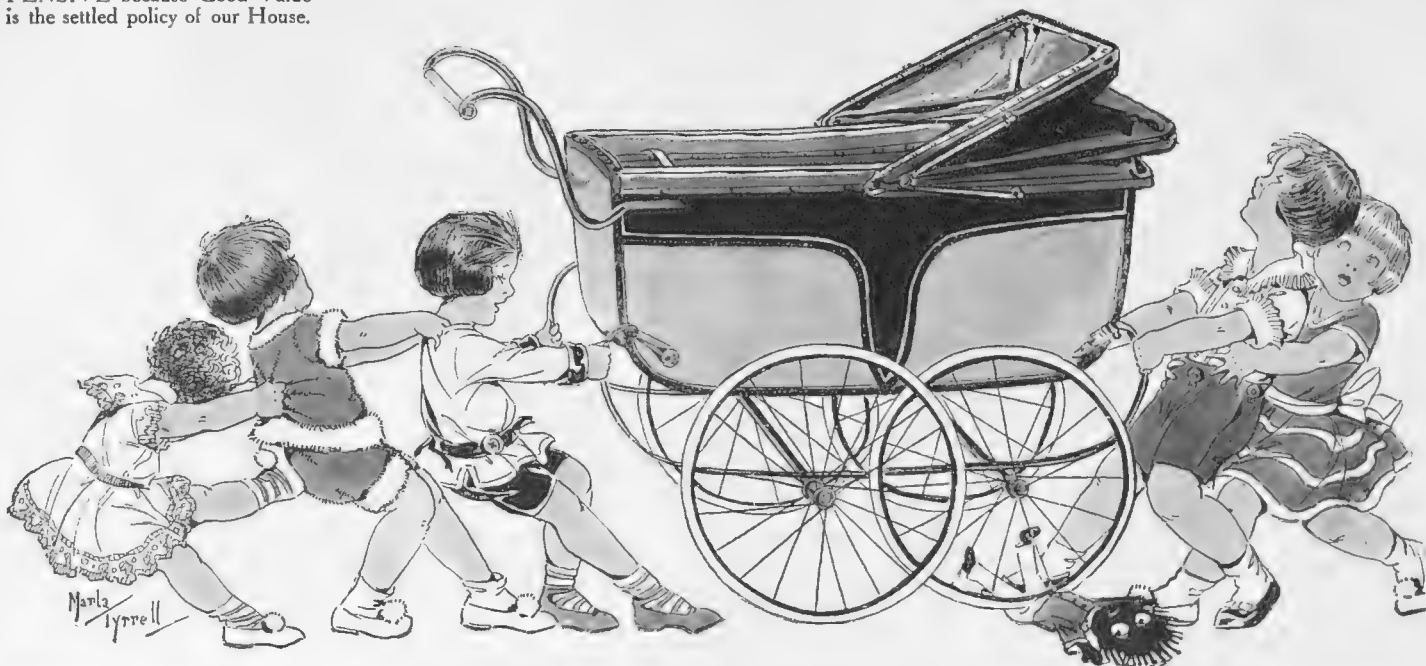
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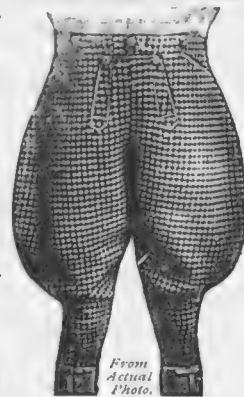
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Photo by Arbuthnot.

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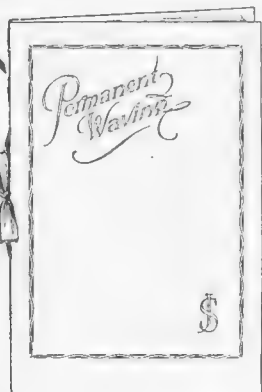
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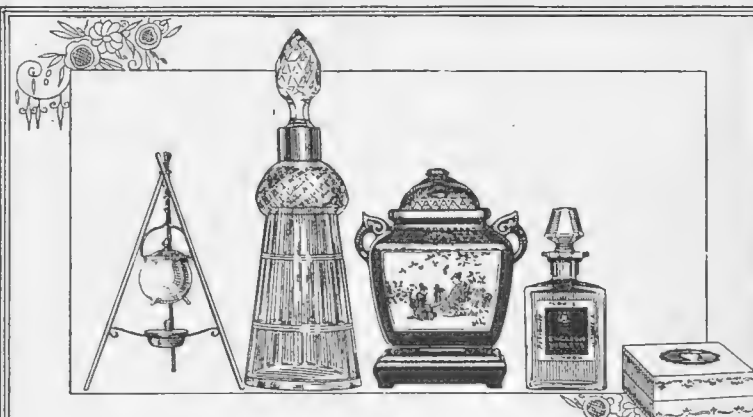
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WS416—Delightful Washing Frock, modelled in Cotton Voile with exquisitely embroidered coloured border. The corsage is long-waisted and pin-tucked on the shoulder, while a row of very tiny buttons down the centre are an essentially smart addition.

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In white with pink, mauve, cherry, saxe; also similar design in pink, saxe, lemon.

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THE WOLSELEY "SEVEN"
 Two-Seater

Price - - - **£295**

*Dunlop Tyres fitted
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THE LIGHTS OF PARIS.

In July. In days of old it was the custom, once the Grand Prix was over, to pack off for sea, mountain, or health resort. A man of the world—and a fashionable lady—would have felt dishonoured had they been seen in the streets of Paris at the beginning of July. Better live—if delayed you had been—behind closed shutters rather than venture into the sunny thoroughfares of a capital which tradition had taught you to quit at the close of the Grande Semaine.

Bal Bullier. Tradition's biddings are no longer obeyed—at least, not strictly obeyed. M. André de Fouquières, the uncontested arbiter of elegant and *mondaine* life, leads the way to disobedience. He goes so far as to praise the charms of being free from out-moded ties. He declares the Grand Prix is not the end of the season, but the culminating point. And, joining act to speech, he presided at a *bal costume* at Bullier—the great Quartier Latin dancing-hall of Murger fame.

Une Nuit. This ball was given in aid of Russian and French artists. For—as M. de Fouquières says—the excuse for remaining so late in Paris is not only to procure distractions for Parisians and foreign visitors, but to secure the welfare of the “disinherited.” Since the war nobody would dare to give a fête for the fête's sake. Festivals must always have a charitable aim. “Une Nuit à Montparnasse,” which tried to revive the balls of Gavarni under the Second Empire, was attended by a huge crowd in which famous personalities of Tout Paris rubbed shoulders with the artists of Montparnasse and their models.

Mingled Styles. There were beautiful and fantastic costumes. There were also sober evening dresses and the less formal mufti. Costumes of the Opéra Venetian Ball mingled with those of the Quat'z'Arts Hindoo Ball. There was much picturesqueness and merry-making in the

light-hearted Quarter. And it was daylight when the devotees of mirth strolled out of Bullier along the Boulevard Saint-Michel.

In Black and Gold.

Attractions were provided. Milles. Trouhanova, Nina Oginska, and Anieka Yan danced to silent rhythms—for the sound of the piano was drowned by the noise of the audience! Clowns and acrobats executed performances in the *salle*. But much merriment was caused by the sale by auction—directed by the comic Bétové—of paintings and drawings by Picasso, Van Dongen, André Lhôte, Kisling (who, by the way, did good business as barman!), Soudeikine, etc. The price of 1600 francs was reached for a Picasso picture. The fête finished by a contest to select the three best costumes. Hints provided by the merry crowd helped the judges in their choice. The first prize was given to the wearer of an extravagant black-and-gold creation.

A Fashionable Circus.

M. Molier can pride himself on having—like M. de Fouquières—kept the Parisians in Paris. For the forty-second time he invited all the *monde élégant* to attend his representation. The annual spectacle of the Cirque Molier is something like a revival of the circus in these days of music-halls, jazz bands, and *ballets russes*. The *gens du monde* who act as acrobats, circus riders, tamers, clowns, musicians, keep the pure tradition of the *cirque*. And on the tiers which surrounded the *piste* of the Rue Bénouville the bediamonded ladies and dress-coated gentlemen who composed the audience again found the emotions of their childhood and recollections of the Médrano or the Cirque d'Hiver—the thundering hubbub of copper instruments.

(Continued overleaf.)



THE FILM BYRON PROPOSING TO ISABELLA MILBANKE: A SCENE FROM ALICIA RAMSEY'S "A PRINCE OF LOVERS."

"A Prince of Lovers," the film version of Lord Byron's romance, was produced on July 8, at the Philharmonic Hall, and is an all-British film by the Gaumont Company. It is by Alicia Ramsey, whose work is so well known to "Sketch" readers, and is founded on her book on Lord Byron.

THE haphazard way of asking for "A Scotch and Soda" or "A small Whisky" means that you get just any nondescript whisky that may be handy. Why not deliberately ask for

"Red Tape"
(TRADE MARK)
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and get a better whisky at the same price. If all whisky was alike, "Red Tape" could not have won its high place.

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Continued.

accompanying the gallop of horses round the illuminated, sandy track; the polka in time with the clever steps of the white Arab stallion under its white harness. There was the exhilarating uproar of the multitudinous clowns; the horsewoman in pink *tutu* gracefully standing on the wide back of a dapple-grey horse. Reminiscences of *autrefois*!

Exotic Emperor.

His Majesty Khai Dinh, Emperor of Annam, found in Paris an enthusiastic welcome. The Paris crowds adore the exotic Sovereigns who parade in the streets in dazzling costumes. No doubt they acclaimed Khai Dinh for his charming personality. But, above all, they greeted the monarch of a far-away country with rigid and mysterious customs—a country such as can be seen at the Châtelet or at the cinema—a country which stirs the imagination by something strange and somewhat unreal.

Bright Clothes. The Shah of Persia, the Prince Hiro-Hito, the Maharajah of Kapurthala wear European clothes; but Khai Dinh has remained faithful to the

garb of his ancestors. He appeared in a long tunic of yellow silk embroidered in gold. His head-dress was of light-brown velvet on a yellow turban. His shining boots had gold spurs and an embroidered red dragon. He looked gorgeous; and Parisiennes felt envious of his beautiful clothes, and grateful for the Oriental vision he



WATCHING THE LAWN-TENNIS AT AIX: LADY EVA WEMYSS WITH MISS SANDFORD AND A FRIEND.

Lady Eva Wemyss is the daughter of the second Earl Cowley.—[Photograph by Navello.]

brought to the dreary Occident.

More Galas. He, too, had galas and inaugurations to attend.

At Nogent-sur-Marne, where

there was a hospital for Indo-Chinese soldiers, commemorative monuments have been erected; and a pagoda—"a palace for Annamite souls"—has been transported there. Two china dragons guard the entrance. A gala matinée was given at the Opéra in aid of the Indo-Chinese students. There, too, we had some dancing. Mlle. Zambelli executed some picturesque Rumanian dances with incomparable grace. We had a variety of poems recited by a variety of actresses from the Comédie-Française and elsewhere; and a variety of melodies were sung by Mme.

Jane Hatto and Mlle. Demougeot; of the Opéra. Altogether, it was a very gay occasion, and no doubt the students will benefit as much as all present hoped they would—a thing much to be desired.

JEANNETTE.



VISITING AIX-LES-BAINS: LORD AND LADY CHEYLESMORE.

Lord Cheylesmore, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., is the third Baron, and married the daughter of Mr. Francis Ormond French, of New York. He and Lady Cheylesmore have been staying at Aix.—[Photograph by Navello.]

We have been informed that Crossley Motors, Ltd., have been appointed car manufacturers to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. This tribute to a very fine British car will be noted with interest by the ever-growing motoring public.

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is a perfect skin cleanser. It liquefies on the skin and takes every particle of dust and foreign matter out of the pores. It is soft and soothing, supplying natural oil to the skin, and should be used whenever cleansing. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

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A mild astringent and stimulating tonic for the skin; used in conjunction with the Cleansing Cream, it whitens and refines the skin, leaving it clear, fresh and radiant. 3/6, 8/6, 16/6.

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removes lines and wrinkles and keeps the skin smooth. 6/6.

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TO MARRY MR. GERALD H. GIBSON: MISS URSULA ROBSON.

MISS WAV-
ERNEY
CAARTON is
the youngest
daughter of Mr.
Edwin Bicker
Caarton, of 19,
Thorney Court,
Palace Gate W.
Her engage-
ment to Mr.
Ronald Trew,
younger son of
Mr. and Mrs.
Alfred B. Trew,
of Seaford,
Sussex, has lately been announced.

Miss Audrey Townshend is the only
daughter of General Sir Charles Town-
shend, M.P., and of Lady Townshend.
Her engagement to Lieutenant Count
Baudouin de Borchgrave d'Altena, of
the First Regiment of Guides, Belgian
Army, has been announced.

Miss Ursula Robson is the only child
of the late Mr. W. Greenwell Robson
and of Mrs. Robson, of Eastbourne.
Her engagement to Mr. Gerald H.
Gibson, son of Sir Herbert and Lady
Gibson, of the Argentine, has been
announced.



TO MARRY COUNT BOR-
CHGRAVE D'ALTENA:
MISS A. TOWNSHEND.



ENGAGED TO BREVET-
MAJOR G. LE Q. MARTEL:
MISS MAUD MACKENZIE.

Miss Monica
Ross is the only
daughter of
Mrs. Norman
Ross. It has
been announ-
ced that her
marriage to
Mr. Lionel
Robert Abel
Smith, younger
son of the late
Mr. Reginald
Abel Smith,
and of the Hon.
Mrs. Abel

Smith, will take place at the Embassy
Church, Paris, in August.

Miss Maud Mackenzie is the youngest
daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Mac-
kenzie, of Collingwood Grange, Camber-
ley. Brevet-Major G. Le Q. Martel,
D.S.O., M.C., R.E., is the only son of
Brigadier-General Sir Charles Martel,
C.B., and of Lady Martel.

Miss Nora Bomford is the daughter
of the late Surgeon-General Sir Gerald
Bomford, K.C.I.E., I.M.S. Her marriage
to Major L. B. L. Seckham, M.C.,
Lancashire Fusiliers, will take place
this month.



ENGAGED TO MR. LIONEL
ROBERT ABEL SMITH: MISS
MONICA ROSS.



TO MARRY MAJOR L. B. L.
SECKHAM THIS MONTH:
MISS NORA BOMFORD.

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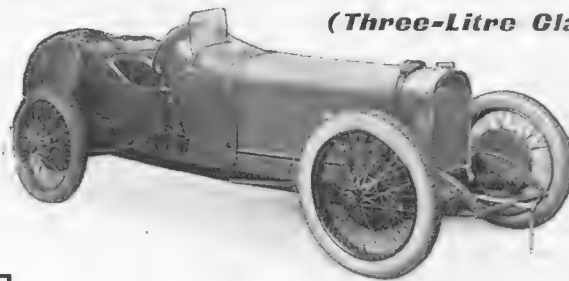
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CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"WHAT annoyed me was missing our lunch in Paris. Some silly blighter made us late in starting at this end, and the consequence was that there was no time to motor up to Paris."

"How did you get on for food?"

"Had an egg omelette and fruit at the aerodrome in Paris. Quite nice, but light, you know. And so my wife didn't get her un— Look out!"

The girl driving the motor-bicycle combination smiled sweetly as she missed Our Stroller's foot by another.

"Then your wife wasn't very pleased?"

"Not particularly. But I saw them taking some of the luggage out of the aeroplane, and it was rather interesting. Big boxes from Paris addressed to Dickens and Jones, and people like that. Perhaps some of these contained und— Oh, confound these cars!"

Our Stroller was looking at a street vendor's display of lovely ladies, in soap, reclining at full length on a pictured bathing-beach. The ladies wore tufted head-dresses and a disdainful stare.

"Only two bob, Sir," said the merchant. "Came acrawst from Paris by airyoplane. Only one, Sir?"

Our Stroller took the cardboard box, rubber-stamped "Made in Germany," and his broker told him that Throgmorton Street was no place for one so young and innocent.

"I'm going into the Stock Exchange this morning," our friend announced.

"Come on, then. Only remember that I don't know you if you're challenged."

"Coward! As I was saying—"

He talked earnestly to the broker as the

pair ran up the steps, turned to the right, and entered the Geduld Market.

"You might take the profit on the Union Corps.," a jobber was saying, "and put the money into something else."

"What? If one thing goes up, all the others will move in the same direction. Is there any rise left in these West Rand Consols?"

"It's just a gamble, of course, and everything depends upon the market remaining good. So long as that is the case, West Rands are all right."

"I'd rather have something sounder."

"Well, New Kleinfontein, as I told you when the price was a sixteenth lower. And keep on with Randfontein."

"You people never know when to advise anyone to sell. It's always buy this, buy the other."

"That's not altogether the case in the Oil Market. There, the public have been told pretty straight what to avoid, unless they like to take fairly big risks."

"You mean Phoenix?"

"And Uroz, and a few others. I don't think brokers put their clients in very extensively on the top of the rise. That's because the jobbers had told them to go carefully. Brokers always come to ask us what they ought to say."

"Is that so?" asked Our Stroller of his broker.

"Of course not. 'Everything' is a large word. Sometimes we do, naturally. Brokers can't know every mortal thing."

"We expect them to, anyway. Doesn't a jobber talk his book if you ask him about his shares?"

"Look here, young man. Because I allow you to come in here without being detected, it doesn't follow that your smattering of technical phraseology—"

"No need to get excited, old chap. There's a waiter looking at us already. Come across to here."

They stepped into the Foreign Market, where one man sought to impress another with the cheapness of French Government Bonds.

"Haven't too many people got them?" asked Our Stroller, boldly putting in his unwanted spoke. The two others looked at him over their pince-nez.

"As I was saying just now," continued the first man to his friend, "I always thought that the manners which the old Board Schools—"

The broker rescued our friend from a crisis, and drew him into comparative safety. "I shan't tell you again," he warned his client. "That's the very last time."

"Impserbats?" inquired a passing jobber. The broker shook his head.

"What did he say?" demanded Our Stroller. "Impserbats? What on earth are they?"

"He asked me, in our vernacular, whether I had any business in Imperial Tobacco or British American Tobacco shares. The first we call 'Imps,' and the others are 'Bats.'"

"Well, I'm hanged!" exclaimed Our Stroller. "That's a new word to me."

"Good stock, both of them. I wouldn't stop anyone from buying either. All my clients have done well out of them."

"We have, old thing. And to show that one of them is not ungrateful, take me to a shop and you shall choose a hundred of the best."

"Now that's what I call a decent sort of client," said his broker, linking arms. "I shall try to get this mentioned in the papers: *pour encourager les autres. Allons!*"

Friday, July 7, 1922.

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What causes hangnails?

You need never again
have a raw, ragged cuticle

AUTHORITIES agree that hangnails are caused either by neglect or by wrong methods of care. If neglected, the cuticle will grow fast to the nail. As the nail pushes forward, the cuticle stretches until it can stretch no more. Then it splits—and you have a hangnail. Or, if you cut the cuticle with knife or scissors, you are likely to pierce through to the nail root, and then you get the same result.

To prevent hangnails, therefore, you must constantly detach the cuticle from the nail—but you must do this without cutting or breaking it, or you will have hangnails just as surely as if you neglected it.

This thin fold of scarf-skin is like the selvedge edge of a piece of cloth. When it is cut or torn, the whole nail rim gradually ravel out. This is why you can never have smooth nail rims when you make a practice of cutting the cuticle.

Cutex Cuticle Remover will soften the cuticle, gently loosen it from the nail, and take off all hard, dry edges. If you will throw away your manicure scissors and begin to use Cutex regularly, you will never again have hangnails. Your very first trial will leave your nail rims smooth and even—however rough you may have made them by cutting.

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Then for the gleaming lustre that you want for your nails, try the new Liquid Polish that Cutex now offers you. Cutex Liquid Polish goes on with an absolutely uniform smoothness, dries instantly, and leaves a delightful lustre that keeps its even brilliance for at least a week.

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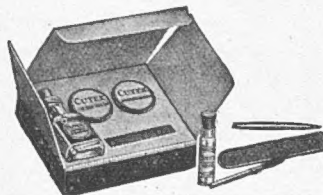
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GENERAL NOTES.

THE brilliance of the audience each night at the Prince's for the last week of the Guitry plays carried one back to pre-war days; and the fact that there was not one dowdy, umbrella-carrying party in the stalls gave an added fillip to the charm of the entertainment. The Duke of Connaught and Princess Christian were in a box one evening, and the Hon. Eleanor Smith and Lady Ebury were among those in the stalls on the same night. After having seen Mlle. Yvonne Printemps as a sophisticated music-hall artist, a woman of the world, and a Parisian *cocotte*, it was a piquant change to find her in the rôle of a *jeune fille* in "Le Grand Duc," and her impersonation of dewy youth, with its charming *gaucherie* and innocence, was superb. One wonders what the Young Girl of the Moment thinks of Marie's summing-up of the *jeune fille*. "C'est idiot—la jeune fille," she exclaims, and goes on to explain that the young girl is always pretending to understand nothing of subjects on which she has been "put wise"; but if by any chance something crops up which she does not understand, she pretends to be particularly well informed on that point. The description is, one is inclined to think, fairly accurate—even when the emancipated young lady of the present day is in question!

The Sanitas Company, Ltd., has done well to pay—in the face of the formidable handicaps of universally depressed trade, diminished export business, and the need for writing down the value of stocks—dividends of 9 per cent. on the Preference and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the Ordinary shares. At the recent annual

meeting, the Chairman said it was a matter of satisfaction to the Board that they had been able lately to reduce the retail prices of their chief articles—Sanitas Fluid and Sanitas Powder. Users will be more pleased than surprised to learn that the sales of the Sanitas Fluid in bottles had exceeded in number those of any previous year.

The celebrations in connection with the Centenary of the Royal Academy of Music took various forms, and perhaps one of the most interesting was the Chamber Concert at the Æolian Hall yesterday (July 11). It might almost be called an all-British affair, for all the performers were British; and most of the music, with the exception of a song by Moussorgsky, a sonata by Scriabin, and three Slavonic dances by Dvorak-Kreisler, was written by British composers. The concert started with the charming little sonata for violin and piano by J. B. McEwen, which was played by Miss Elsie Owen and Miss Lilius Mackinnon, the latter contributing, further, a sonata by her favourite Scriabin, and four Preludes by Paul Corder. The vocalists were Miss Gladys Rolfe and Mr. Powell Edwards. All the executants and all the British composers in the programme have been connected with the Royal Academy of Music.

Once more an attempt seems to be made to revive the crinoline. This has happened before, but somehow has never actually taken on, as, though becoming to many, this style of dress is certainly not adapted to the ordinary life of the modern woman. Of course, it might be kept for evening wear only; but I have noticed that woman is conservative enough to like a certain uniformity in her

silhouette and prefers her evening and day dresses not to be too startlingly different. The latest fashions at the Paris races certainly have a distinctly Second Empire flavour. Our contemporary the *Illustrated London News* devoted a whole page last week to the latest thing worn; and though the slim silhouette is not altogether out of favour, the predominant note seems to be a certain fluffiness and frilliness, and the craze for organdie has not abated. Of course, it is a most delightful-looking material for warm summer days, but hardly suitable for the Arctic spell we have been having lately.

There are rumours of rebellions from all parts of the globe, civilised and otherwise; but so far we have not heard—at least very few of us—of the rebellious hat; yet such an object apparently exists, and what is more peculiar, looks quite smart and charming. Still, it is rather startling when you get a notice from your milliner which reads "The — hat rebels as far as a hat can rebel against all set forms and hat traditions of to-day. It was not born a hat but a bird, a living thing in any case. In fact, it is a super hat. The — waiting on the stand is no divorced lover, but calls for its mate; not one of a dual personality, leaving the lady bearing some strange object entirely detached from the form and symmetry of her body." Well, well; we never knew that a hat meant so many things; and I must own that the manifesto, just because of its amusing wording, left me somewhat doubtful as to the quality of the hat; but I now admit that I was quite wrong and grovel accordingly. Ireland should look to her laurels, for it surely is not for us to give her the lead in any kind of new rebellion.

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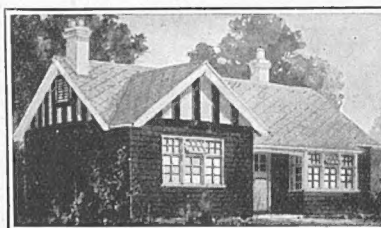
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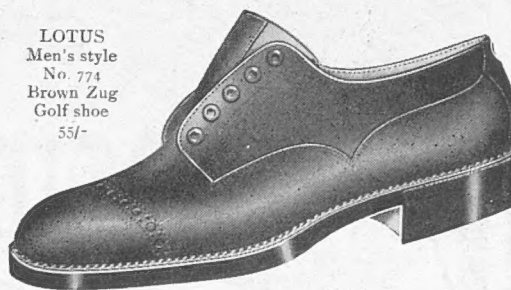
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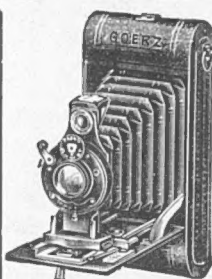
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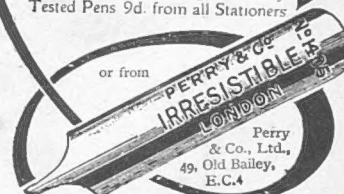
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